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SOME CURRENT FALLACIES RESPECTING SUPERNATURAL RELIGION.¹

BY HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

I HAVE been asked to deliver an address to the Margate Church Institute, which, I believe, has been doing much good here for many years. It is of very little use for any one to endeavour to prepare himself with a new specific subject to address such a body; it therefore occurred to me that if I could address you to any effect it must be in reference to subjects which have occupied a good deal of my own attention during the last few months. I see that your president has advertised me to deliver an address on the subject of "Faith and Scepticism." We hear a great deal in the present day of the din of a warfare which is supposed to be carried on between science and faith. I do not believe in the existence of any such warfare. I do not believe that science in any true sense of the word is opposed to faith; nor do I believe for a moment that faith is opposed to science. It is true that there is a loud din of a warfare carried on between scepticism and faith; and some have even persuaded themselves that all the philosophy of the world is on the side of scepticism, and all the faith is confined to women and professed theologians. I do not know whether this may be the case in any country of Europe at the present time, but I am quite cer-

tain that it is not the case in this happy land. The gospel, as we hold it, is not in conflict with any form of God's truth. In this age of seething thought, I do not think it would be right to speak in other than courteous terms of any earnest thinkers on any of the great subjects which may fairly occupy the human mind. All bandying of reproaches is altogether unworthy of seekers after truth; and even those who are most scandalized, at times, by the utterances of a sceptical philosophy, will do well to remember that often in these cases men are far better than their opinions; and that, in a great many instances, the result of wandering in endless mazes of confused thought, is that the mind is brought back at last to some simple, old, familiar truths; and that many a man, who, under an impulse which he cannot resist in the pursuit of truth, is led for a time to wander, at last comes back to the old truths which he learned at his mother's knee; and it would be very unwise in us to cast any reproaches on the process whereby, in God's good time, his mind arrives at a conviction of real truth. Again, it is certain that, in the present age, scepticism does not present itself in those offensive colours which characterised it in a past generation. We have even persons who take the Christian faith kindly, though some-

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what ridiculously, under their patronage, and who, with all courtesy, as they argue the matter, would have us believe that they are the best supporters of Christianity who represent it as devoid of all its supernatural elements. Some of them seem to tell us that they will help us to uphold Christianity, if we will only consent to make it a sort of sentimental deism. Some even seem to require us to consent to make it teach a sort of semi-atheism, semi-deism—it being impossible to decide which of the two is the exact residuum which they find in the teaching of the New Testament. All such attempts so to distil out of Christianity a system of the merest human, and even a low human, philosophy are, in my judgment, folly. We do not wish to speak disrespectfully of those who speak respectfully of us; but we feel convinced it is our duty to stand by the old Christian truth in its integrity—to stand by it, both in its objective and subjective forms—to believe and to maintain both its facts and its doctrines; and the purpose with which I address you to-night is to lay before you some considerations as to the grounds on which we maintain this old Christianity against all new scepticism, and assert that it is capable of a scientific proof. The purpose of this address, then, shall be, as well as I can do it in the brief space of time at our disposal, to call your attention to certain fallacies or errors which I believe to be very current in modern speculation on these subjects, and to the answers to these fallacies or mistakes respecting the scientific proof of the truths of Christianity. For I affirm that there are errors abroad respecting scientific proof.

Perhaps some of you may be even disposed to stop me at once, and say that this word "scientific" ought not to be so applied. The word "science" now-a-days is often so used that it might seem that there is no science in the world but the science which treats of material nature. Some persons, I say, are so little acquainted with the great scope of scientific subjects, that they confine the name "science" to mere

material or physical science, and forget that there is a science of mind, both moral and intellectual, older and greater than any science which deals with matter; that there is a science of politics; that history is capable of being treated scientifically. It was taught of old, in the great University to which I have the honour to belong, that there is a Mother and Queen of all sciences, which treats of Man, the highest object in creation—of his life here, and his hopes hereafter—of God who made him, and of his relation to his Maker; and this greatest of all sciences is the science of Theology. Now, I am here to maintain that, in the truest sense of the word, we may have scientific proof of the truth of the Christian religion. I am here to maintain that this name of science belongs as truly, if not more truly, to the subjects on which I now address you, as to those to which the word is now so commonly confined. There is one branch of science, indeed, which rests always on demonstration, which has to do with self-evident and immutable truth,—truths about which there cannot possibly be doubt; but that branch of science is entirely confined to pure mathematics. That two and two make four, and that the two angles of a triangle are together less than the third: these are of course propositions which no man out of a lunatic asylum is allowed to doubt. The subjects of this sort of science are very limited indeed; they are confined, as I have said, to pure mathematics; and the whole of material or physical science rests not on reasoning of this kind. It has to do with the same sort of probable and experimental reasoning which we use in matters of common life, on which we believe the testimony of history, and which we apply to all the ordinary subjects with which we are concerned, either in our speculations apart from pure mathematics, or in the regulation of our conduct. Those gentlemen who exclusively claim to themselves—or at least to whom is given—the name of "scientific" men, forget perhaps—or those who apply the name to them

forget—that the very first principles on which they conduct their reasonings are not matters of mathematical certainty; that they have to take for granted things incapable of proof to those who doubt them. A man who is going to speculate on the subject of the material universe must first of all take for granted the existence of something outside his own mind; and how is he to prove this, if either himself or any one else doubts it. The thing must be taken for granted, and the taking it for granted is a departure at once from the region of that demonstrative science which has to do only with immutable, self-evident truth. Again, this man must take for granted that the experience of the past is a criterion as to what is to come in the future. But there can be no experience of the future, and therefore the thing is merely taken for granted. It is incapable of being proved; and the man who speculates on outward matters, or something existing beyond his own mind, and bases his speculations on the process of experiment, at once departs from the region of pure mathematical science, and is in the same region of probable evidence as that in which our other speculations are conducted.

I grant that those who confine themselves to truths of physical science, and say that we ought to make these the basis of all our assertions of positive truth, have this advantage, that there is in their particular studies something stable, and upon the whole satisfying; that there is nothing in them beyond the reach of our easy comprehension when the experiments are once fully explained; and therefore I quite understand the sort of language which at times they use, warning people that they had better be contented with that of which they have distinct experimental evidence, and not lose themselves in the mazes of those speculations which have to do with the things unseen. I can quite understand the force of such language, and the attractiveness of such solid studies, but they will not suffice for beings constituted as we are. It is

all very well to have to do with the things seen, and temporal, and capable of being touched and handled, and tested by experiment of the senses, so long as we are confining ourselves to the very brief span of that short life which is passing so rapidly away with each of us. Of all the facts which experience establishes, there is no fact so certain as that each of us here shall die; and is it the part of wisdom, or of true science, to say, "I will take cognizance of those things alone of which I have only an experience which must terminate at my death?" If death be a solemn, as it is a certain fact; if, for each of us here present, death be waiting, and all that is beyond it has to do with the unseen, and all that passes while we enter on it must be of the region of things which cannot be tested by our common experiences here, is it the part of reasonable beings at once to settle that they have nothing to do with what lies beyond death? They cannot tell with any certainty that death is the end; and, if it be not the end, what folly to have acted as if you were certain that it was the end? What man can be worthy of the name of philosopher who would tell us so to act? Death is the certain fact; but what death is we know not. We know all the approaches to it. We know that we have changed continually since we first entered on our being. We know that the infant is totally unlike the man in his maturity; and yet that he is the same man. We know that powers of mind may continue, while the body is wasting away to the very last verge of our earthly existence; and we know nothing which can tell us, that when the verge is reached, those powers, which seem independent of the body, are to end because the body dies. Nay, even on a material hypothesis, suppose we grant for a moment that the soul resides in matter, are we not told of solid indestructible particles of matter? Who shall tell us whether the soul, even according to a material hypothesis, does not reside in one of those particles which no known power in nature has

ever been supposed to be capable of dissolving, according to materialistic theories? And, therefore, how can I know that the soul which has been in me ever since I was a baby, which has passed with me through all those changes of my changeful life, which seems altogether independent of the outward organizations of my frame, is to go out, like the flame of a candle, when I have come to that period of my existence which we call death? And, if it be that the soul and mind are thus to live, how is our conviction of this truth strengthened by the fact that the greatest intellects that have ever lived have recognized that the soul is immortal; that the poets, the philosophers, the theologians, all the men who have ever given themselves to the study of these great subjects—those who have influenced the human race in the highest stages of its civilization—have been convinced that there was that within them which death could not extinguish? My friends, he is no true philosopher who tells us that we need not trouble ourselves as to what will happen when we come to that great event which we call death. There is every reason to believe—and the arguments, which it would be vain of course to attempt to enter on here, are to be found in all the books that have treated on the subject—there is every reason to believe, as a matter of science, that death is not the end; and if death be not the end, the man is mad who does not make preparation for that which lies beyond death.

And if the body's death seems to teach the lesson, that modesty is becoming to the scientific speculator, what shall we say as to the prospects of that material frame which is beyond ourselves—the general orderly frame of the universe as we see it around us? People would suppose, from the way in which you hear men talk now, that there was not the slightest chance of any great organic change ever coming across the outward world in which we live. No doubt God works by fixed laws. No doubt the world goes on morning and evening, and summer and

winter; but what reason have you to suppose that it will so go on to infinity? Have no great catastrophes befallen the world before now? Does not physical science itself speak of these catastrophes? What is there to prevent other catastrophes, produced by the operation of laws of which at present we are very ignorant, coming athwart the globe on which we live, and a complete change taking place in the relations in which things even in the outward world stand at present, so that in the scriptural sense of the word there may be an end to the world, as there is certainly to be an end of our earthly life? To be sure, things have gone on for a long time in the same way, but is that any proof that they are to go on in the same way for ever? You arise morning after morning in good health and strength, and seem to say to yourself for a time that this will last for ever; but one morning something happens, you cannot explain what; the best physician in the world cannot tell you what; but something has happened that lays you on a bed of sickness, and in two days sends you off to your grave a corpse. Will the experience of the reality of the way in which everything has gone on since you were young, till you have attained maturity, save you from that great mischance? Again, men for centuries had ranged over the mountains in Campagna, they thought that all would go on there, herds and flocks feeding, and vineyards growing as they had done for centuries; and suddenly there was a strange sound heard, and a volcano burst forth, and the greatest philosopher of the age came to look at it, and lost his life while he was looking. But neither he nor any of the men who had speculated with him ever expected that these great cities were to be swept to destruction, and their beautiful pastures to become for a time an arid wilderness. I do not say such instances explain or tell us distinctly that such catastrophes will befall the whole globe, but, at all events, I think they ought to make us modest, seeing that the wisest know so

very small a portion of the laws that regulate God's creation. Surely we may not dogmatically assume that such catastrophes are beyond the range of possible or probable events. It is true, I say, things have gone on for a long time, and men say, "Where is the promise of His coming, for all things continue as they were from the beginning of the world?" But still with Him with Whom one day is as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day, there may be changes maturing which no philosopher of the present or of any previous age has ever dreamed of, which will bring this great catastrophe to the globe which will answer, on the whole outward creation, to something as great in change as is our passage from life to death, and what is beyond it. I do not think there is anything fanciful in such an expectation. I believe that a man of that modest mind which is the characteristic of true science, will hesitate before he pronounces with any assurance that such a change may not come over the world as has been distinctly predicted in the Scriptures.

We have then these two statements: one, that it is very desirable that men should look to their immortality and beyond death; another, that they should look forward to great changes in the outward form of all things around them. Believing that both of these statements are practically controverted by much of the sceptical writing of the present day, I pass on to another point. We hear a great deal as to immutable laws, and that all these laws are capable of being so unfolded and explained, that we may consider that even the laws which govern man's conduct are like the laws of the external world. Cause and effect, of course, we all know; the one precedes and the other follows; and we may lose ourselves easily in the mazes of speculation as to how the cause can exist without the effect following. But for a moment let us consider whether any account of physical laws will explain to us how it is that a rational, intelligent being, with a free will, can

step in and make his power felt in a way that could not have been anticipated before he roused himself to action. The existence of man as a being with a free will and with large intelligence, with a conscience distinguishing, though often very imperfectly, but still distinguishing between right and wrong, seems to force upon us the conviction that it is unwise and unscientific to attempt to regard human actions as following the same sort of laws as govern external nature. The belief that there is a difference between right and wrong holds all the world together: without the recognition of that difference there is no civilized society. Now, if there exist a being—man—who has a free will, who has a power of distinguishing between right and wrong as such, shall we not come to the conclusion that he must have a connection with a will somewhat like his own, above him and beyond him? We gather that there is a great distinction between right and wrong; shall we doubt that there is a Great Being who is on the side of right, and who resists wrong, who is indeed the concrete of all our abstract conceptions of the good, the beautiful, the true, who has absolute power, who has made all things and governs all things? We thus pass into a distinct recognition of the existence of an intelligent Creator, Governor, Sustainer, Father of the universe, and we arrive at it in the purest scientific way—from the contemplation of the facts which we see in man. There is no time to go through details here, but I would have you turn to the various books which have been written, which treat of the evidence of the existence of God. Examine first the *à priori* evidence such as I have now been speaking of, then the *à posteriori* evidence on which there is no time at all to touch—the evidence from the marks of design in all creation. Further, reflect that the wisest and best men who have ever lived have recognised this Great Being. Shall we not say from all this, that we have a scientific proof, capable of being elaborated into a thousand volumes, of

the existence of the power and goodness of our Heavenly Father?

We were told lately that a great scientific man, in his best hours, when he looked at the boundless universe as far as it was revealed to his power of observation, could not but have forced upon his mind the distinct belief that there was some Mind far greater, and Power more powerful than any human mind, before which all these truths which he was feebly groping after were clear and plain. Shall we not say to such a man—"Listen to the voice which thus speaks to you in your best hours. It is a human voice divine which has led the noblest of the human race in all their noblest actions. It is the same voice divine which tells you to love your mother who nurtured you at her knee; it is the voice of nature, if you choose to call it so—or it is the voice of God, making Himself known in the depths of your conscience, and telling, even in the midst of the wanderings of a sceptical philosophy, that there is something far better than scepticism in the recognition of the loving Father of the the human race?" Moreover, is it not something, considering the way in which men reason in the present day, that we should find the great apostle of what is called free thought come round at last, as I understand him, to this conclusion, that we Christians are entitled all of us to hope that our religion is true—that though he desiderated scientific proof of it himself, he thought, if I mistake not, that we are almost to be envied in our belief, and that we are entitled to act upon our hopes. Substitute faith for hope, and that is the very thing that we are doing. We are thankful that, in an age like this, the rude, vulgar scepticism of former times, with its sneers and banters, should have disappeared—that we are dealing with earnest men, even some of the chief of whom, at last, tell us that they almost envy us for our hopes, and think that nothing but good to the world can follow from our acting on them.

But now I must hasten on. You may naturally say, "We have made but little

progress if we have only got to the acknowledgment of the existence of our Heavenly Father. But having got that, I am strangely mistaken if the rest does not follow. It is not uncommon to represent that inspiration and miracles are, *à priori*, improbable. Perhaps if your system is one of blank atheism there are difficulties; but grant me that there is a God who has made the world—grant me that He has an intelligent free will such as we, His creatures, have, by His permission; grant me that He loves the human race, and watches over it, and I deny *in toto* that there is the slightest improbability either in inspiration or in miracles. Has God nothing to tell to this world which He has created? He has, and you all know it. And how does He tell it? In the ordinary course of nature, He tells it by raising up great men, whom, if He had not raised up, the world would have remained without the instruction which He commanded them to give. In the ordinary course of nature, God has to teach men something about science, and He sends forth a Bacon or a Newton. He has to teach them the great thoughts of a poet, and He sends them a Shakespeare and a Milton. And am I to believe that it is impossible for this great Lord God Almighty to breathe spiritual truths into spiritual hearts, and to send forth a John and a Paul and an Isaiah, to whom, in a more unusual way, He has communicated His thoughts, and whom He has commanded to exercise in the region of matters spiritual an influence far greater than any of the common sons of men, even those who were endowed with the highest intellects, had been able to exercise on the human race? I say, that if you deny the possibility of inspiration you limit the omnipotence of God. Nay, I know not by what process it could be more natural, so to speak, for God to communicate knowledge respecting Himself and respecting the destinies of the human race, than by raising up His chosen servants and communicating to them a knowledge which ordinary men could not attain to. As to ordinary great intellects, their

appearance is not a miracle, for they come in the usual course. In the case of those who are commanded specially to unfold spiritual truths, their appearance is a miracle, because such spiritual communication from the All-knowing is unusual. This is God's way, in great emergencies, to raise the human race, by inspiring chosen servants to teach them what men could not find out for themselves. Now, I maintain that it is only reasonable to suppose that God does use this mode of teaching, and therefore that inspiration is, *a priori*, probable. And, if this be true of inspiration, what of miracles? Why, this very inspiration we are talking of is a miracle. When God sent Napoleon the Great into the world, he did so for some great purpose. He caused great changes to come over the world, which, humanly speaking, never would have come over it had not Napoleon arisen. And what sent Napoleon there? Which of your ordinary physical laws will account for the growth of Napoleon the First? How can you, when you have to deal with beings endowed with free will, with beings such as man, in your imperfect knowledge of these matters, give any more reasonable account of the growth of great men, who produce great changes, than by saying, as both the Old Testament and the New Testament say, that they are sent there by God? I know no other way of explaining it. Now, what I maintain is this—that, if God, for the bringing forth of great purposes, does—and we are fully entitled to say He does—step in and call forth that which is to produce the great changes He designs, in a way that we cannot explain, except by saying that it is His will to do so—if this be the case, what, when we come to other matters, is to limit the omnipotence of God? Let us for a moment take it for granted that this Almighty Father of the human race did see that it was time to send to them the Second Person of the Trinity to teach them what they could not learn for themselves—a purer morality, nobler

conceptions of the human soul, nobler aspirations, both for this life and for eternity, than they would otherwise obtain; let us suppose for a moment, as a hypothesis, that He did so send this Great Being to dwell upon earth, is it natural or not that this great event should be attended with extraordinary phenomena? Is it likely that if this Great Being came to earth death was to triumph over Him? so that there should be an end of Him by death? Is it not more probable, on the hypothesis, that such a Being could not be overcome by death and the grave? The miracle of Christ's resurrection is, I affirm, not a thing *a priori* improbable, but is most probable, under the hypothesis that God intended to send this Great Being to teach the human race. And if this be so as to the *a priori* probability of the matter, what are we to say as to the *a posteriori* evidence? Well did the old writers of the last century, in their apologies, always turn to the miracle of the resurrection and take their stand on the evidence for it as the very turning point of the whole Gospel. They were right, for if you have this great miracle of the victory of Christ over the grave, what is the difficulty as to other miracles? All the rest is a smaller matter. Christ rising victorious over the grave!—a thing naturally to be expected if Christ was sent by His Father to teach the world and to die for the world, as the Christian religion tells us. But if this be a thing probable in itself, what attestation have we *a posteriori* of its actually taking place? Now, there is a set of persons who tell you you must separate in the Gospel between the miracles and the morality. I deny that you can make this separation. There is no Christianity that is not miraculous. Where do you find it? Where is it? Where was it ever taught? I go back to the first century, and take for this purpose even the testimony of a writer in France, not likely to be suspected of any tendency towards over-belief, who in his latest work assures us that St. John the Apostle, within thirty years of the Lord's death,

wrote the Book of the Revelation; and who professes even to fix the very year in which the book was so written. If the book was so written within thirty years of the Lord's death, and if, in that book, as in every book of the New Testament—I might say in almost every chapter of every book—the Lord's resurrection is taken for granted as an ascertained and positive fact, how do you account for this—if there is no basis of faith on which it rests—that within thirty years this belief had grown up? Thirty years! Why, at my time of life I can look back upon thirty years with perfect ease. I remember what happened thirty years ago as clearly as I remember what happened yesterday. And am I to be told that in the course of thirty years this had all grown up in the mere imagination of the men of that day; and that it had taken such absolute possession of the whole Christian mind that there is no single book, no single record of any Christian teaching, of which the resurrection of Jesus Christ is not the very centre? It is no question of the authenticity and genuineness of a whole set of books which it requires scholars to examine and manipulate. If there be but a single epistle remaining, in that epistle the doctrine of the resurrection is proclaimed. If there be no epistle—if there be but the historical, traditional teaching of the men who lived in those days—there was not one of them who taught any sort of Christianity except that which took for granted the Lord's resurrection. You cannot disintegrate the morality from this mysterious fact; and if there was any Christianity at all existing at that time, it was a Christianity exactly the same as that which you and I believe now. Give me the account, then, of the origin of all these ideas, so interwoven with the Christian system. Give me an account of it—for if you profess to be scientific men you are bound to give some account. The French writer to whom I have alluded professes to furnish one; he gives you a sort of sentimental romance of what he supposes may have been the state of things from

which Christianity arose. But I ask any Englishman of common sense who reads that book to tell me whether it is such a satisfactory account of the origin of this phenomenon as will stand for a moment the test of scientific examination? The fact is, that all these attempts to account for the belief in Christianity at that early time, on any hypothesis except that of its truth, altogether and utterly break down. I believe there are persons who suppose that Christianity was invented in the middle ages, or about the third century. But if they know anything of history, they will see that it was full-blown, and exactly the same in all respects, within thirty years of the time the Lord died, as it is now. If this be the true account of this matter, I think I am entitled to say this—Granted God's existence and God's superintending power, the rest follows comparatively easy. They who would examine the evidence of this matter in detail must refer to the history of the times, and the many volumes of apologetic theology.

I shall now, before I close, sum up what I have been saying, which must be very disjointed and cursory, considering how very wide the range of our subject is. Hear now some extracts from the Holy Scriptures, and judge whether they will not meet the several heads on which I have dwelt. First, "Prove all things; hold fast that which is good." Again, "Be ready always to give a reason for the hope that is in you." There is no dissuasive in either of these passages from a reasonable examination of the scientific proof of the truth of our religion. Remark that the Apostle whom I have last quoted adds that you are to "be ready to give a reason for the hope that is in you, with meekness and fear." The last words indicate the very state of mind in which a scientific man will address his opponents, however much he may disapprove of the arguments they use. Again, we read of man being "delivered from that fear of death by which he was all his lifetime subject to bondage;"

and another writer says that our Saviour Jesus Christ hath "abolished death, and brought life and immortality to light through the gospel." Again, looking towards the changes that may come upon the world, and the day of judgment, we read that "one day is with the Lord as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day." "The Lord is not slack concerning His promise, as some men count slackness." "He shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good or whether it be evil." And we are promised, at the last, "new heavens and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness." And if for a moment we are tempted to look upon the certain judgment which follows upon sin and crime committed, as if it were but the necessary consequence following, without any intervention of the great personal Governor of the world, we are reminded that "He that cometh to God must believe that He is, and that He is the rewarder of them that diligently seek Him." "Thou, Lord, in the beginning hast laid the foundations of the earth; and the heavens are the work of Thine hands. They shall perish, but Thou shalt endure; and they all shall wax old as doth a garment; and as a vesture shalt Thou fold them up, and they shall be changed: but Thou art the same, and Thy years shall not fail." And if any doubts are felt as to the personality of God, what do we mean by God being a person? That He is a willing, a living, a sentient, an intelligent, a benevolent substance. God is a Person! It was no dead law of nature which made things, but it was this intelligent, loving, willing Being. "He that made the ear, shall He not hear; or He that planted the eye, shall He not see?" And if our hearts are filled with the thoughts of this great personal Being, thus ruling, and directing, and controlling, and loving, and helping, shall He be dumb, and unable to make himself heard?

"God, who at sundry times and in divers manners spake unto the fathers," spoke unto the human race by a thou-

sand voices, and among others "by the prophets, hath in these last days spoken unto us by His Son," and this Son, having come upon earth, "is risen from the dead and become the first-fruits of them that slept." I thought we could not do better than sum up all that has been said in these words of Holy Scripture. For indeed we should do well to search the Scriptures, "for in them we have eternal life, and these are they," saith Christ, "which testify of me." Let us thank God that we live in a land in which men are familiar with these Scriptures of truth. Let us prize them, and teach them to our children, and believe that in them, after all, though we may find in them no instruction as to the secrets of common physical sciences, we have great truths, which are the highest truths that an immortal being is capable of understanding.

And now, my friends, in closing these remarks there is one other point on which it is difficult not to linger for a moment. Is it true that there is here in this country, and still more in other countries, a determined war between Faith and Unbelief? Is it true that great efforts are being made to sap the foundation of those principles on which all our hopes for eternity are based? nay, even to sap those religious principles on which the stability of human society depends? And is the antidote to be found in the pure Gospel of Jesus Christ? By the pure Gospel I mean the simple doctrine which the Apostles taught. "I have determined," says one, "to know nothing among you, save Jesus Christ, and Him crucified." This was the rock on which Christ declared that He would build the Church—the belief in Himself as the Son of the Living God. This was the doctrine which Martha came to believe—that He is the Resurrection and the Life, and that whosoever believeth in Him though he were dead, yet shall he live. To this Scripture everywhere gives testimony. "Every spirit that confesseth that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh is of God;" and "Whosoever confesseth that Jesus

Christ is the Son of God, God dwelleth in him and he in God." To teach this St. John wrote his Gospel—"These things are written that ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ the Son of God, and that believing ye might have life through His Name."

What then shall we who are believers in this Gospel do? Shall we quarrel about minor points? Shall we tear each other to pieces for a vestment or a candle-stick? Or shall we desire, unwisely, to pull down any good old institution, which through many generations has taught that pure Gospel of Christ? Shall we seek for any minor reason of so-called political consistency to play into the hands of those who desire to pull down the Gospel which we love as our own lives? It will be very easy to unite with those with whom otherwise you have no real sympathy to destroy the institution by which the Gospel has

been maintained in this land for hundreds of years; but when you come to divide the prey, I suspect they will have the lion's share. I know of none who will benefit by such attempts except those who dislike the Gospel of Christ, or those who hold up a standard which is not the standard of the Scriptures of Truth, who, teaching in the name of the God of Truth a system which is very unlike His pure Gospel, find in every land crowds flocking into their communion, simply because of the fear of something more dangerous even than a mutilated and disguised Gospel. I advise, my friends, that all of us should endeavour, in this age, when there is real danger of a violent assault against the Gospel of Christ, to act heartily together to maintain it, and not magnify differences which will weaken our hands in the great conflict for our Lord and Master.

SONNET—HUMAN LOVE.

No lessening in loving, neither change,
But unto more and more. Behold how nigh,
Two for all time beyond each other's range!
Love shall not drive back Death, nor through Death die,
But kiss at last from Death divinity,
And Death fall dead from that embracement strange.
Ah, Human Love! thou half by death made whole,
Believe thy own divineness! pour thy hymn
Along the dirges: tell me some dear soul—
When I in yon dread gulf of dark shall swim,
Leaving this life-worn garment on the rim—
Will be the radiant messenger to roll
Asunder Jordan where I cross alone—
Will know I come, and meet me, and be known.

MARY BROTHERTON

ISMAILIA.

GONDOKORO, as most people who read English know by this time, is an important point or station on the Upper Nile, which has become famous during the last few years through the visits of several well-known travellers and explorers. It may be questioned, however, whether readers in general have realized the facts as to its position. Khartoum, the town at the junction of the Blue and White Niles, the seat of the government of Southern or Upper Egypt, lies above the sixth cataract, at a distance of some 1,500 miles from Cairo. Up to this point the Nile is a clear open river, with a permanent channel navigable for large vessels. Beyond it the main channel disappears in many places, and the huge stream filters down south through vast masses of vegetation hardening into morass, and lakes which are silting up and changing their forms from month to month—almost from week to week. And away beyond this dismal swamp, 1,409 measured miles south of Khartoum, and 1,621 feet above the Mediterranean, lies this same Gondokoro.

Any one who has travelled straight away from Boston or New York to Sioux city, or other outpost station on the Upper Missouri, knows what 1,400 miles mean, and also in some degree what it is to feel like being somehow on the edge of the known world. But 1,400 miles of drift-weed and morass between you and the nearest station inhabited by a white man in the centre of Africa! One cannot altogether wonder that the hearts of the men in Baker Pasha's expedition were broken by the time they reached this (so-called) resting-place. The strain even on the strong heart and will of their commander shows here and there in his journal. "We appeared," he writes, "to have forsaken the known world, and, having passed the river Styx, to have become secluded for

ever in a wild land of our own, where all were enemies like evil spirits, and where it was necessary either to procure food at the point of the bayonet or to lie down and die." And again, "We were lost to the world almost as absolutely as though quartered in the moon." Add to this, that Gondokoro and the immediate neighbourhood was the general depot for all stolen cattle and slaves, and the starting-point for every piratical and man-hunting expedition, which he had come expressly to put down; that his troops, except those under his own immediate personal influence, who formed his body-guard, were utterly averse to the work in hand, and that the neighbouring tribes were all in league with the slave-traders, and openly hostile to Baker Pasha and his mission—and we have a picture of as unpromising a situation, and of as heavy a piece of work as have fallen to the lot of any amongst that small band of Englishmen who, from the days of Drake and Frobisher and Hawkins to those of Rajah Brooke and Bishop Patteson and David Livingstone, have been told off, as it were, in one way or another as pioneers in the dark places of the earth.

At Gondokoro, then, the old mission-station, being such a place as this, Baker Pasha and his expedition arrived on the 15th of April, 1871. They found the old settlement abandoned, only some half-dozen broken-down huts standing. The mission-house, which had been built of brick, and which was standing in 1865, the date of Baker's last visit, had utterly disappeared. The natives had, it seems, pulled it down, and ground the bright red bricks into fine red powder, which, mixed with grease, served them as a holiday costume on special occasions—"the house of God turned into pomade divine," as the Pasha puts it. The only trace left by the mis-

sion was an avenue of fine lemon-trees, still standing, though sadly broken here and there, under which the neglected fruit lay rotting, bushel upon bushel—more melancholy surely than if there had remained no trace at all of the men or their work.

Such was Gondokoro on the 15th of April, when Baker selected the sites for his own station and that of the main body of the expedition. For the former he chose a rising knoll by the river side, some six acres in extent, upon which grew a few large trees. The "diah-beeah"—a roomy, comfortable Nile boat in which Lady Baker lived—was moored close by the bank, and the fine grass in front was kept closely cut, like a lawn some thirty yards in depth, on which stood a fine butter-nut tree, their out-door drawing-room. On the knoll the body-guard (the "Forty Thieves," as they were endearingly called) and other retainers were housed in a few days in neat huts, each surrounded by a garden of its own, which within a week were sown with "onions, radishes, beans, spinach, four varieties of water-melons, sweet melons, cucumbers, oranges, custard apples, Indian corn, garlic, barmian, tobacco, cabbages, tomatoes, chilis, long capsicums, carrots, parsley, and celery." Large gardens were also formed at the headquarters' station, the site of the old mission, where the troops were employed daily from 6 A.M. till 11 in agriculture, and by the 27th of April almost all the crops had appeared above ground. Within another month the larger station was completed and fenced, powder and other magazines erected with galvanized iron roofs, and all necessary arrangements made for permanent occupation.

In expeditions to distant lands, Baker maintains it is necessary "to induce feelings of home amongst your people." A hut is only shelter, but a garden planted by themselves at once catches hold of the wildest natures. Even the liberated slaves learned in a few weeks to take a deep interest in their gardens at Gondokoro, and not a day passed without request for leave to work with hoe or spade.

The incidental glimpses we get of the home life of the little station are singularly bright and fascinating, probably all the more so from its terrible and anxious surroundings. The deck of the "diah-beeah" is furnished with easy-chairs and carpets; eighteen can dine there comfortably. The negro boys and girls, most of them released from the slave-traders the year before, lower down the Nile, have grown into most respectable lads and lasses under Lady Baker's discipline, and have learnt to wait at table and do all kinds of domestic work neatly and well. The boys are—Amarn, the delicate little Abyssinian; Saat and Bellaal, fine powerful lads of fourteen and fifteen; Kinyon (the Crocodile), a Bari orphan boy who had come into the station and volunteered to serve; Jarvah, the fat boy, cook's mate, with a keen eye to the pots, controlled by the cook Abdullah, formerly a Shillook slave, now an excellent culinary artist, though dull, and calling cocks and hens "bulls" and "women;" and lastly, little Kookoo, a Bari boy of six, who had stolen in from his tribe, and gradually settled himself in the kitchen.

These six boys are dressed in uniform of loose trousers, reaching half-way down the calf, blouse, and leather belt with buckle, and fez for the head. Uniforms of dark blue, with red facings; or for high days white with red facings, and strong brown suits for travelling and rough wear. There are regular hours for every kind of work; and the boys are so civilized that they always change their clothes to wait, and "are of the greatest possible comfort, thieving being quite unknown amongst them." In fact, they have been so well trained and cared for by Lady Baker that "in many ways they might have been excellent examples for boys of their class in England." One can only wish in these days that some such could be imported from Central Africa. Three out of the number never required even a scolding through the long expedition south of Gondokoro, which is the subject of the second volume. The girls are not so promising or attractive,

though they too are dressed in pretty uniforms, and manage to learn washing under the old black duenna Karka. Then round the central household, we find those of the "Forty Thieves" and other retainers grouped, and get a familiar acquaintance with many of these fine fellows—with poor Ali Nedjar, the fine-tempered champion runner and athlete, brave as a lion, whose name, after his death, his commander carved on the stock of his snider, and reserved the weapon for the best man of the body-guard—with Monsoor, the faithful Christian—with the graceless fisherman Howarti, who in answer to Baker's remonstrance, "Ah, Howarti, you are a bad Mussulman; you don't say 'Bismillah' when you cast your net," replied, "It's no use saying 'Bismillah' in deep water—nothing will catch them in the deep; and I can catch them without 'Bismillah' in the shallows."

Nine months of such domestic life must leave some mark for good, one would say, even at Gondokoro. But perhaps we delay too long on this side of the vivid picture which is painted at once with rare plainness and skill in this charming book. Let us look outside the little six-acre knoll by the side of the Nile. The large camp, containing at first some 1,200 soldiers and their followers, under Colonel Abd-el-Kader, with the flag of Egypt flying from a mast eighty feet high in the centre, is the first object which meets us. Within we find constant alternations of confidence and hopelessness and despair, breaking out into remonstrance and all but into open mutiny. The Khédive of Egypt, their ruler, has sent this Christian Pasha down into these strange lands "with supreme power, even that of death, over all those who compose the expedition," with "the same absolute and supreme authority over all those countries belonging to the Nile basin south of Gondokoro." His mission is, so runs the firman, "to suppress the slave trade; to introduce a system of regular commerce; to open to navigation the great lakes of the equator; and to establish a chain of military stations

and commercial depots, distant at intervals of three days' march, throughout Central Africa, accepting Gondokoro as the base of operations." What right the Khédive had to grant such a firman we will not stop just now to inquire. Under it, at any rate, here is this Christian Pasha bent on carrying out the whole of the objects therein indicated, and above all, that most hopeless and unpopular of all, the suppression of the slave trade. He is a man of iron, with whom no one can trifle, whom no one can escape. Not an officer of the expedition can pick up a slave girl or boy; not a man can offer the slightest insult to a woman, or appropriate the smallest piece of property, without running imminent risk of severe flogging, if not worse.

They are sent down through these frightful wastes of mud, weed, and water, through which they have spent months in cutting passages which have closed up behind them, to carry out such a mission, under such a commander. Around them the whole of the country, occupied by the Bari tribe—a tribe so numerous and warlike that Abou Saoud, the chief of the slave-dealers, finds it politic to be in alliance with them—is fiercely hostile. The chiefs are insolent, defiant; do "not want any government;" will supply no provisions; in a few weeks are openly at war with the expedition, and harassing the camp by constant alarms and attacks.

It is scarcely to be wondered that his troops should have been one long and constant cause of anxiety to him, and that their conduct both in camp and in the field should have been such as to make him almost despair again and again. Nevertheless in the nine months, from April 15, 1871, to January 22, 1872, Baker had so far succeeded in his work as to have brought all the surrounding tribes to acknowledge his authority and to sue for his friendship, and to have so thoroughly established the settlement of Gondokoro as to feel justified in leaving it under the command of one of his native officers, with

a force, including sailors, of 145 muskets, while he himself, taking Lady Baker and his household with him, and 212 officers and men, started south to endeavour to complete the work of establishing military and commercial stations, and suppressing the traffic of the slave-dealers in the equatorial regions south of Gondokoro.

This second act opens with an effort on the part of the soldiers, by tumultuous remonstrance—or, in plain words, unarmed mutiny—to resist the expedition south of Gondokoro. By this time Baker was well aware that the suppression of the slave-trade, though to him the paramount object of the expedition, was not one in any favour either with the authorities whom he was serving or his own soldiers. But he had more than grudging support and passive resistance to reckon with. The whole country which he was going to annex, and civilize if he could, was already leased to a great Egyptian trading firm—Agad and Co.—of which one Abou Saoud was the representative. This firm paid a yearly rent of some 3000*l.* to the government of the Soudan for the trading monopoly, and Abou Saoud was the most notorious slave-trader on the Nile. He kept in his employment paid bands of kidnappers, had established stations as centres of the traffic up and down the whole district, and had hitherto sent his ships with cargoes of slaves down the Nile in perfect impunity, bribing the officials at the government stations, who, we find, from Dr. Schweinfurth, took “from two to five dollars a head of hush-money” for every slave they allowed to pass. It is not possible from the evidence given in the book to satisfy oneself whether the Khedive himself really knew of this lease to the great slave-dealing company, and the use which was made of it, when he issued his firman to Baker. The lord of Egypt knows apparently not much more of what goes on in those distant southern regions than officials, interested in keeping things as they are, choose to tell him, and we may perhaps fairly give him credit for a genuine wish to estab-

lish order and put down kidnapping so long as he keeps an Englishman at the head of affairs.

It is certain, however, that Baker knew nothing of the lease when he accepted his mission, and that it added enormously to the difficulties he had to encounter. Thus far he had overcome them; but the establishment of a station at Gondokoro, and the submission and pacification of the Bari tribes in its immediate neighbourhood, were only a small part of the work he had undertaken. South of Gondokoro, and between it and the great lakes, lay a fertile district, between 300 and 400 miles across, which was the favourite ground of the slave-traders. In it they had four large stations, the principal being at Fatiko, which kept the country practically in their power. Beyond lay the kingdom of Unyoro, which Baker knew well, and with the late king of which he had been on terms of friendship nine years before. Beyond Unyoro, again, lay the kingdom of Uganda, ruled by M'tsé, also an old friend. These two kingdoms were, comparatively speaking, well organized, and capable of resisting the slave-traders; while the latter, Uganda, was already in communication with Zanzibar on the Indian Ocean. If the intermediate district could be cleared of Abou Saoud and his bands there was every hope for the future. If not, his mission would have been a failure, and the clouds under which all atrocities might go on with impunity would close over Central Africa again. In this conviction the Pasha started on his expedition from Gondokoro, by the conduct and results of which he will in the end be judged. And here one must face one set of criticisms which the publication of this book, and the conduct of its author, have called forth in abundance, and of which we have not heard the last. Giving Sir S. Baker all credit, it is said, for his own intentions, he knew that in carrying them out he must annex large districts inhabited by free tribes to a kingdom despotically governed. To do this these tribes must be subdued by force, when

necessary, which is not the work for which Englishmen are honoured in their own country.

Sir S. Baker had counted the cost before he put his hand to the work. Long residence in these countries had convinced him that the one practicable step for the improvement of Equatorial Africa was the establishment of a permanent government over these tribes, and that the only country which could form such a government was Egypt. Had England remained in Abyssinia the case would have been different; as it was, there was no alternative, and he frankly accepted the responsibility. "The first steps in establishing the authority of a new government," he writes, "over tribes hitherto savage and intractable, must of necessity be accompanied by military operations. War is inseparable from annexation, and the law of force, resorted to in self-defence, is absolutely indispensable to prove the superiority of the power which is eventually to govern."

There is the case, put shortly. And we do not think any average Englishman, wishing to see right done in the world, and wrong put down—nay, we will go further, we do not think any fair-minded member of the Anti-Slavery or Aborigines Protection Society, whose special aim in life is to raise and protect the inferior races, and see that they get fair play—can doubt that Baker came to a right decision, or would wish that he had never accepted service under the Khedive of Egypt. It is unfortunately a condition of the world in which we live that, as Mr. Biglow bitterly remarks in one of his early poems,

"Civ'lisation must go forrard,
Sometimes upon a powder cart."

It is a blessing for the world when the powder-cart is pulled by men, who, to the strength of will and genius necessary to leaders in such undertakings, add the kindness, the patience, and the humanity of Sir S. Baker.

He himself anticipates the strictures of another class of critics. Military men will condemn his advance south. Scarcely, one would think, for here at

any rate the test is success. Besides, as he urges, "if risks were to be measured in Africa by ordinary rules there would be little hope of progress." Neither in Africa, nor indeed elsewhere. If Baker is to be blamed in Africa, the same blame must attach to Sir C. Napier in Scinde, and to Sherman in Georgia. A base, and communications with it, are of course the first necessity in war. But a commander who is always thinking of his base, loses as much power for his work as a preacher who is always thinking about saving his own soul. Whether looked upon from a political or military standpoint, this expedition of Sir S. Baker's must always remain one of the most noteworthy of our stirring times. Let any one who doubts go to this book and judge for himself. He will be well rewarded in any case by the intense interest of the story.

After the preliminary difficulties of transportation had been overcome, the little band of 212 men, with Sir S. Baker's household, started away southwards for Fatiko, the principal town and station of the intermediate land between Gondokoro and the kingdom of Unyoro; 165 miles from the former place, and nearly 4,000 feet above the sea-level. Every day's advance brings them into finer country, and makes Baker's spirits rise and his views widen, as we learn from the extracts from his journal. He finds himself in a district with which he is familiar, and in which he knows that he must have many friends left. On February 2nd, they reach the highest point of their route, eight miles from the Asua river, and begin to descend towards Fatiko. Here "the promised land" breaks upon them. "The grand white Nile lay like a broad streak of silver on our right, as it flowed in a calm, deep stream direct from the Albert N'yanza. Its waters had not as yet been broken by a fall; the troubles of river-life lay in the future."—"Here had I always hoped to bring my steamers, as the starting-point for the opening of the heart of Africa to navigation." (By this time, the steamer put together at Gondokoro during his absence by his English work-

men may be actually on these waters.) Before them, as they descended, lies the vast plain of Ibrahiméyah, destined in Baker's judgment to become the capital of central Africa. Splendid visions fill his brain of the trade, developed by the steamers on the Albert N'yanza, and concentrated on this spot, whence there will be a regular camel-post to Gondokoro until the short railway of 120 miles is built, which will open the very heart of Africa to steam transport direct from the Mediterranean—when the traveller will embark at London Bridge, disembark at Gondokoro, and with one shift of luggage find himself steaming on the bosom of the mysterious equatorial lakes! Golden dreams!—but already on the high road to fulfilment. "I revelled in this lovely country. The air was delightful. There was an elasticity of spirit, the result of the atmosphere, that made one feel happy in spite of many anxieties. My legs felt like steel as we strode on before the horses, rifle on shoulder, into the broad valley." Cortez, "silent upon a peak in Darien," must have had something of the same feeling.

But Baker is soon saddened in spite of the wonderful beauty and abundance of the land. "Neither a village nor the print of a human foot appeared. This beautiful district, that had formerly abounded in villages, had been depopulated by the slave-hunters."

On the 6th of February, they burst suddenly on Fatiko, the band playing, the 212 rank and file dressed in their scarlet shirts and white linen trousers, and Lady Baker and the household all in their best. They halt before the place in full view of Abou Saood's station, occupying thirty acres, and from which, as Baker could see through his glass, crowds of slaves were already being hurried out towards the south. One of the first deputation which approaches the Pasha turns out to be his old dragoman, Mohammed, now in the service of Abou Saood, but a repentant dragoman longing to be quit of slave-running. Soon, several natives come out, and recognize the Pasha and

Lady Baker, and are delighted at their return. The drums beat in the slaver's station, and a number of men form themselves under crimson flags in front of the town. But Abou Saood is not yet prepared for resistance, and himself appears, professing good-will, and anxiety to assist the Pasha.

Baker excuses himself for not having arrested this arch enemy at the beginning of the expedition, and had he done so, it seems more than probable that all the subsequent bloodshed might have been saved. For in this district, north of Unyoro, he effects his object without firing a shot. The sheiks come to him, delighted that he is in power, ready to acknowledge him and his government, and praying only to be rid of the slave-dealers and Agad and Co. Scruples as to the position of these people, as holders of a kind of title from the same government he was serving, seem to have had great weight with Baker, and to have caused him to deal with them with great caution and forbearance.

One hundred men under Major Abdullah were left to hold Fatiko, and the march to Masindi, the capital of Unyoro, commenced on March the 18th. Through the intrigues of Abou Saood, and the consequent difficulty of obtaining carriers and provisions, the capital was not reached till April 25th. On the way Baker took possession of Fowcera, the southernmost station of the slave-traders, a beautiful site on the banks of the Victoria Nile, and enlisted Suleiman, the Vakeel of Agad and Co. and his men whom he found there as irregulars in the government service. He had scarcely turned his back when they were at their old practices again. Round this station the country was now a wilderness, which seven years before Baker had left "a perfect garden, thickly peopled, and producing all that man could desire." But civil war had raged in Unyoro, fomented by the slave-dealers, and at the moment of his arrival Abou Saood's men were about to march with the young king's forces to attack a powerful neighbouring chief, Rionga

by name, who had always maintained his independence of the king of Unyoro. This raid was prevented by Baker's arrival, and Kabba Rëga, the young king, who had ascended his father's throne by means of treacherous murders, and seems to have been a drunken coward, bitterly resented the miscarriage of his plans. Studied neglect and deliberate insult on his part were rebuked with firmness, time after time, but with no good effect. The liberation of a number of Unyoro women and children from the slave-dealers did not mend matters. The declaration of the Egyptian protectorate on the 14th of May, and finally the reception by Baker of a deputation from his old friend the king of Uganda (Mtésé), seem to have brought matters to a crisis. During their residence in Masindi Baker's force had built a strong fort capable of resisting any sudden attack, which was scarcely finished ere it was wanted. After several hostile demonstrations and an attempt to poison the whole force, which was within an ace of success, the smouldering flame broke out, and a general attack was made on the fort, which ended in the defeat of the natives, the destruction of the town, and its subsequent evacuation by Baker on the 14th of June.

The story of the march through grass eight or nine feet high, and forest, back to Foweera, through constant ambuscades, is one of the most intense interest, and after reading it breathlessly, one is still at a loss to understand how it could have been so signally successful. The admirable coolness and courage of the men, and their absolute trust in their leader, will account for much. These blacks, under their gallant colonel, Abd-el-Kader, might now be trusted to do all that fighting men could do. But their number had been reduced to 100, or, including four sailors and four of the Bari tribe who had learnt to fall in as soldiers, to 108. These, marching in single file through the dense grass, had to protect the women and servants, and carry the baggage, the strongest men being loaded with sixty-four pounds of ammunition each.

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A Bari guide led the advance-guard of fifteen men, under Abd-el-Kader, armed with sniders. These were supported by Baker himself with ten sniders in charge of the ammunition, and followed by Lieutenant Baker, Lady Baker, and servants. The rear-guard consisted of fifteen sniders under Lieutenant Mustapha. Each man was ordered to keep just near enough to be able to touch the knapsack of the man before him, knowing that should this line be broken by a sudden rush all was over. If attacked on both sides, as was often the case, the alternate files were to face right and left, place their loads on the ground, and fire low into the grass. Orders were passed along the line by buglers, who were with the advance and rear-guards, and with Baker.

In this formation they marched the eighty miles, with a loss of ten killed and eleven wounded, including in the latter category the commanders of the advance and rear-guards, Abd-el-Kader and Mohammed Mustapha. None but black troops, Sir S. Baker writes, could have endured such a march with heavy weights on their heads in addition to their usual accoutrements.

They had been obliged to halt for three days on the way to attend to the wounded, and allow Lady Baker and the women some rest. They reached Foweera on the 25th of June, and were now safe in the country of Rionga. But that march from Masindi could never have been successful but for the providence of Lady Baker. Looking at all that was going on around them in the capital, and the daily growing hostility of the king and chiefs, shown in the scarcity of supplies furnished, she had put by more than twelve bushels of flour in a secret store, the existence of which enabled her husband to feed the troops for seven days of the march to Foweera. Had it not been for this store—had the troops been compelled to forage for food as well as fight their way through ambuscades, and carry baggage—not a man or woman could have escaped. No wonder that when the disclosure of the hidden treasure

was made officers and men exclaimed, "God shall give her a long life!"

The wish will be echoed by every reader of the book. The presence of Lady Baker, everywhere, on the Nile boats, in the stations, on the marches, in bivouac, in action, runs like a pure white thread through the whole narrative. As the gentle and skilful nurse of sick and wounded, the protector and educator of the weak and young, the wise adviser and courageous friend of her husband through all the trying scenes of those four years, her figure and surroundings stand out in exquisite relief from the dark, and often repulsive, background of the picture. It is difficult to realize how the gentle and refined lady, whom so many of us have seen by Sir S. Baker's side at the Geographical Society and elsewhere, can have gone through such scenes. Through the whole expedition she seems to have lost nerve only once, when her favourite little Jarvah, "the fat boy," was killed by a spear close to her side on the march from Masindi. "This loss," we hear, "completely upset my wife." Poor Jarvah had on several occasions exposed himself to protect her from danger.

From the arrival in Rionga's territory the narrative brightens into one rapid and continuous success. After "an exchange of blood" between this chief and two of his great men, and Sir S. Baker, Lieutenant Baker, and Abd-el-Kader—a ceremony which the Pasha and his officers underwent with considerable disgust—the Pasha returns to the station at Fatiko, leaving Abd-el-Kader with a detachment to assist in installing Rionga as the head of the Unyoro country. In his absence the slave-traders had regained courage and power, and he found his lieutenant almost besieged in the government fort. A short and sharp action follows, Abou Saood's men being the aggressors, ending in the complete rout of the slave-traders, with the loss of their most notorious leaders. The survivors send in their submission, and take service under the Pasha's government. Then follow the emancipation and return to their own homes of slaves

confined in the stations, the building of a fine fort at Fatiko, correspondence and alliance with M'tésé and Rionga, great hunting parties, and the laying out and cultivation of gardens and orchards. Then we have the return to Gondokoro, the last works there, including the building of a tomb over the grave of Mr. Higginbotham, the chief engineer, who had died during Baker's absence, and the parting with his old soldiers on the 25th of May, who broke out into shouts, "May God give you a long life! and may you meet your family in good health!" as he walked down their line for the last time.

Sir S. Baker's command was now at an end, and the work he had set himself seemed to have been accomplished. "Every cloud had passed away, and the term of my office expired in peace and sunshine." We trust, indeed we believe, that he is right, and that what he has achieved will make the horrors of the past impossible in the Nile basin, if not in all Equatorial Africa. Still his voyage down the Nile proved to him that the slave traffic was not at an end; and the appointment of Abou Saood as assistant to his successor after his own departure from Egypt (where he had left that personage a prisoner awaiting his trial) must have convinced him that much yet remains to be done before the waters of the great stream and those fertile provinces will be delivered from the curse of slavery. But a strong light has been brought to bear on the subject, which is not likely to grow weaker; a path has been opened to commerce in countries where a few English needles may be exchanged for a tusk of ivory, worth from 20*l.* to 30*l.*; and for another period of four years another Englishman of the first mark has succeeded to the power which was so well wielded by Sir S. Baker. We have faith in such pioneers; and believe that Chinese Gordon will, like his predecessor, prove too strong for the opposing influences behind and around him, and will perfect the work, the commencement of which is chronicled in these volumes.

There is one other point which must

strike every reader of this book, and that is Sir S. Baker's frank generosity to his subordinates. There is scarcely a bitter sentence in it from beginning to end against the most unwilling and incapable of his Egyptians, and he can even hasten to say all the good which can be said of such characters as the Arab slave-drivers, Wat-el-Mek and Suleiman, when they show the faintest signs of penitence and desire to turn honest men. As to his own countrymen, he can never praise them enough. "How often my heart has beaten with pride," he writes, "when I have seen the unconquerable spirit of my country burst forth like an unextinguishable flame in any great emergency." This was at the mutinous crisis before the start of the expedition from Gondokoro southwards; and the same thing occurs again and again. There is not a word but of warm appreciation in the mention of any Englishman, while in the few plain sentences which record the deaths not only of Mr. Higginbotham

and Dr. Gedge, but of Ali Nedjar and Monsoor, there is a note of genuine tenderness which has the true ring about it, and is all the more attractive from its setting. His companions seem as a rule—one may say, with one exception—to have been worthy of such treatment, and to have appreciated it.

Africa has absorbed in this generation much of the superfluous energy of England, and seems likely not to abate her demands. By arms, by missions, by commerce, we are more and more bound to that mysterious continent. In their several callings, Mackenzie and Colenso, Livingstone, Speke, Grant, Bartle Frere, Lord Napier, and Sir Garnet Wolseley, have done notable work. But as yet only the fringe of the great land has been affected. At last, Baker and Gordon seem likely between them to open up the heart of Africa to their countrymen. There will be no want of good men to follow up their work, in the interests of Christian freedom.

THOS. HUGHES.

CASTLE DALY:

THE STORY OF AN IRISH HOME THIRTY YEARS AGO.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

MR. THORNLEY's accident brought precisely the result Ellen had foreseen. The proposed journey to London had to be put off, and to give himself a chance of undertaking it before the spring was quite over, he had to submit to lie up and abstain from all use of the injured ankle for many days. Nothing was heard of Connor, and Ellen ceased to start at unexpected sounds, and began to look eagerly for letters in the hope of seeing Connor's handwriting on an envelope stamped "Dublin" again. The days of Mr. Thornley's captivity were decidedly pleasant days to every one in the house. After experiencing one or two of them, Ellen understood the complacency with which Bride Thornley congratulated herself on being bound to a brother who knew how to stay in the house reasonably, and could be cut off from his ordinary occupations without making himself and everybody near him miserable. During the press of the sorrowful business of the past winter, some literary work, in which John Thornley had previously been much interested, had had to be laid aside, and now he and Bride turned back to it with a zeal that sometimes carried Ellen's sympathies with theirs, and sometimes left her (she not being of the essential student nature) lost in astonishment at their power of abstraction from present interests. She sat once or twice through an hour or two of a rainy afternoon, listening to their eager discussions in almost absolute silence, while wonder grew in her mind, till it was almost indignation, at the sight of two thoughtful people occupying themselves, while suffering such as she knew of was going on all around, with discussions as to

the relative merits of Charles Lamb's and Addison's styles of essay writing; the secret cause of Dean Swift's melancholy; or even the share which Rousseau's dreams of the perfectability of human nature had had in bringing about the reckless disregard of individual human life which marked the first French Revolution. She thought the talk even more heartless when, instead of forgetting the present time, they spoke eagerly of it for the sake of searching out analogies to its woes in past periods of history; fitting cause and effect, and probable remote consequences, with a satisfaction in the completeness of the chain of reasoning that made them appear like dissectors calmly gathering knowledge from the throes of a living subject. Then the recollection of a face written over with deep lines of indignation and pity; of a few words, lately heard, breathing restless impatience of wrong, came back to her with a glow of sympathetic approval and content. Surely it was nobler to grow wild with pain at the sight of a great calamity, and spend oneself in frantic efforts to arrest its progress, than to be able to stand aside and chronicle the death throes and photograph the victim's glazing eyes, and speculate philosophically on what was to come when the agony had passed.

Once or twice John divined by the expression of her face, which was beginning to be an open book to him, the course her thoughts had taken, and when his and Bride's arguments came to an end, he tried a little wistfully to draw out an expression of opinion from her, and gain an opportunity of setting himself right in her eyes. Then the conversation was apt to take a plunge into depths of metaphysics, where the

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three sometimes found standing ground whence they could get glimpses of each other's points of view concerning the practical matters they seemed to have left far behind them. John would acknowledge the hardening effect on character of looking at life chiefly from the intellectual side, and confess that even in great questions of politics or sociology the want of due appreciation of the subtler emotions and spiritual sources of individual and national life was a fatal hindrance to penetrating to the truth of things, and caused the calculations of the science that takes note only of tangible results to prove itself folly when tested by experience. Bride, following her brother's lead, would bring examples from history of great results which had sprung from some unpremeditated word or deed of generous enthusiasm, or divine folly of self-sacrifice. Then Ellen listened complacently again, thinking of an enthusiasm which they had pronounced folly a few minutes before, but which might yet prove itself to be the very conduct they were now admiring. One or two rainy afternoons spent in such talk had the effect of years of ordinary intercourse in making the sharers in it known to each other. Ellen fell into a habit of referring in thought to the brother's and sister's standard on all occasions when a judgment had to be formed, and began to feel as if she had spent half a lifetime in their company instead of a few days.

The last piece of literary work Mr. Thornley undertook during his imprisonment was an essay on the poetry of Young Ireland. It grew from his having had to listen to numerous quotations from the poems of Connor's friends, which had served Ellen for arguments in their political discussions. At his request she brought out her store of ballads cut from the *Nation* newspaper. And to secure that justice should be done to the merits of the verses, she undertook to read them aloud herself.

"Who is it that signs himself 'D'Arcy'?" asked Bride, looking over Ellen's shoulder, as she finished a poem

which had called out all her powers of effective reading; "there is surely something of the true ring about his verses; and how well Ellen always reads them."

"Give the paper to me. I shall better know what the poem is worth when I read it to myself," John said, stretching out his hand for the newspaper Ellen held.

She looked up suddenly, and saw an expression of keen anxiety in the eyes that, unknown to her, had been studying her face as she read, and she could not help starting and colouring violently. She had quite forgotten where she was; the lighted drawing-room had faded away from before her eyes as she spoke the words, and she had been seeing the turf shieling under the hill, and the dusty sunrays streaming through a chink in its roof on to a face that, now she had once seen it, seemed to furnish a comment on the words she was repeating. It was startling to be called back to her present surrounding by the consciousness that her thoughts were being guessed at by some one near; and she was angry with herself for the agitation that would increase the more she thought about it, as if she had been guilty of betraying a secret. Mr. Thornley withdrew his eyes from her face; but as he folded and rustled the paper, she heard a quick impatient sigh. Bride had meanwhile taken up a sheet that Ellen had laid aside a few minutes before, and was busy with it.

"Surely there is unusual power of picturesque description here too. John, just listen to the first verse again—"

"Long, long ago, beyond the misty space
Of twice a thousand years,
In Erin old there dwelt a mighty race
Taller than Roman spears.
Like oaks and towers, they had a giant grace,
Were fleet as deers,
With woods and waves they made their
hiding-place,
These western shepherd seers."

Such pictures in a few words one does not often get from an unknown young poet."

"How do you know he is young?—that strikes me as practised writing."

"He is young," said Ellen. "The

author of those verses is also a friend of Connor's. He began to write very early I have heard. He was thrown on his own resources when he was almost a child, and was editing a paper in America at eighteen. He is sub-editor of the *Nation* now."

"And a hero in your eyes, I perceive," said John.

"Other people have had to provide for themselves at eighteen, and for their brothers and sisters too, without any one taking them for heroes," said Bride, looking at her brother.

"That has nothing whatever to do with what we are talking about," answered John, sharply, and evidently annoyed. "Let me have all the newspapers. I will look over Young Ireland's effusions at my leisure, and see what I can make of them. Two of the poets are at least worth demolishing."

Ellen, who had now recovered her self-possession, proceeded to collect the newspapers, and arrange them according to date. "I hope I have not done the Young Ireland poets any harm by reading their verses aloud," she said. "I want you to write a good review. I know they feel it hard that no one in England takes any notice of what they write, let it be ever so powerful. It is like sounding a trumpet to deaf people. Perhaps you might act as a sort of conductor, and carry the sounds into an atmosphere that will reach more ears."

"I will write my best after that," said John, with a glow on his pale face; "and as for your reading, I was thinking, just as you spoke, that if I were dead, and you were to come and read verses of mine over my grave as you have read those, the sound would stir the frozen blood about my heart, and call me back to life again. It would be enough, I should say, to satisfy any poet's ambition to hear you read his verses once."

"I think we had better open the window to let out the poetical afflatus," remarked Bride, drily. "The room is so full of exaggeration it is getting into our heads."

"Not into mine," said Ellen, laugh-

ing. "I know well enough that nothing will ever satisfy Connor's ambition but a paragraph of unmitigated praise in a *Quarterly Review*, and it is Mr. Thornley, not I, who can give him that."

For the next day or two, Mr. Thornley shut himself into his study to write, and as Bride was occupied with preparations for the journey to London, which was fixed for the end of the week, Ellen spent her time with Lesbia, among her old haunts on the hills and lake. Sometimes Pelham accompanied them in their walks; and sometimes Mrs. Daly was persuaded to take a seat in a boat, or to share a drive, and in her company Lesbia was always her best and sweetest self, not the shy shrinking Babette of Whitecliffe days, nor yet the self-conscious heiress, who aired little whims and graces to the annoyance of John and Bride, but a pleasant mixture of coaxing sweetness and pretty deference that exactly hit Mrs. Daly's requirements in a companion, and brought out Pelham's conversational powers to such an extent that Ellen found herself at liberty to follow out her own thoughts undisturbed. She was not sorry to be left to herself. Just for those days, underneath all the anxiety that possessed her, there was a glow of renewed hope and confidence that coloured her musings with a brighter tint than they had known for many a day. It startled her, as falling in curiously with the current of her thoughts, when one afternoon, Pelham, detaining her for a few minutes' conversation in the garden, after Lesbia had gone into the house, began his communications by asking, in a grave tone—

"Ellen, what motive do you suppose induces John Thornley to take so much trouble on our account, and make such sacrifices as he does to help us?"

She had been depending on his help; but it had not occurred to her to question the motive for its being so freely given, till Pelham put it to her.

"Do you mean anything fresh?" she asked, remembering, after a minute's

thought, that the service she was most counting on just now could not have entered into Pelham's calculations.

"Every day brings something fresh; and as I have no one to consult but you, I want you to help me to consider whether we are not letting ourselves be bound by greater obligations than it is right for us to accept from any one."

"Dear Pelham, how kind of you to consult me!" said Ellen, stroking the arm she held fondly, and looking up into his face with as much gratitude as if he had offered her a crown.

Pelham was touched. "I am sure I don't want to keep you out of my confidence," he said, a little huskily. "I am lonely enough, and we three ought to hold together, for we have not much else but each other to hold on to. If I have not consulted you and Connor hitherto, it is because you always seem to be looking so far ahead that you have no attention for what is passing."

"You shall always find us ready to attend to whatever occupies you for the future. We will make a triple alliance, dear Pelham—so close, that neither Pelham Court Pelhams nor Thornleys shall ever come between us again."

"There is no need to guard against Pelham Court interference now, Ellen. My chief annoyance is the cool way in which Uncle Charles hands over our affairs to John Thornley, leaving him to meet all difficulties as they arise in the best way he can. As long as our misfortune seemed manageable, Uncle Charles was ready enough to help; but now that it has passed beyond his experience, he refuses to believe in it—he turns his back upon us, and leaves things to take their course."

"If Mr. Thornley had done the same?"

"We should have been ruined as utterly as any of the poor wretches who are turned out of their little holdings to earn enough Indian meal on the public works to keep themselves from starving. Ellen, you and I are almost, if not quite, as truly *beggars*, living this year on charity, as that gang of men with pickaxes over their shoulders who

are crawling miserably past our gate just now. I am sorry to startle you, dear, by saying such a thing, but it is true."

"But why is it so? How have things grown so bad with us?"

"The famine. There has not been a shilling of rent paid this year on the estate, and will not be; yet the interest on the mortgages has to be made up. The holders are ready to come down on us at the first failure, and are only held off by the remittances John Thornley pays out of his own pocket."

"But is he so rich? I thought it was *Lesbia* who had all the money."

"He had a legacy—and he calls paying our debts speculating with his fortune, and says he has a right to do what he pleases with his own."

"Then we are actually depending on him?"

"The rent paid for the Castle has been our chief resource through the winter; but what a transparent pretence it is—their choosing to rent it from us this year. The old residents are flying the country as if it were plague-stricken, as indeed it is—and they stay on. It must be for our sakes; but why? I want you to help me to solve the puzzle, and consider whether we can continue to accept his charity!"

"You expected Uncle Charles to do more for us?"

"I think he might take a little more trouble. I think he might be kinder to my mother and you, and offer you a home, instead of leaving you to be obliged to comparative strangers for a shelter."

"Pelham, dear, you make me feel very guilty when you say that. There is something to be said in excuse for Uncle Charles, and I have only been waiting for a good opportunity to tell you. I had another letter from Marma-duke just before we came here."

"And you have answered it?"

"Yes; mamma was very kind, and told me to write just what I pleased; and if you will be as good to me, Pelham, and try not to blame me more than you can help, for keeping mamma

out of her old home—I will be so grateful to you.”

“I can be sorry for your decision without blaming you. You have a right to choose for yourself; but I have always thought Marmaduke a very good fellow, and that you were lucky to please him.”

“Yes, I know every one thought so—certainly every one at Pelham Court—and that would not have made it easier for me to go there as Marmaduke’s wife. I should not have gone only to him, but to them all. It would have been just the same with me as when I stayed there three years ago; and Pelham, I don’t think I could condemn myself to carry such a sore, angry heart to the end of my life, as I had then. They did not mean to hurt me, but their way of thinking of me as altogether different from themselves crept out at every other word. They were always telling me how Irish I was. It was Irish exaggeration, Irish blundering, Irish romance, whenever I spoke a word that came fresh from my head or warm out of my heart. Yet, for mamma’s sake, and to satisfy you, I think I could have borne it all, if it could have been in any other way than just the way Marmaduke wanted. That would not have been honest. He likes me as I am, poor fellow, and would have expected me to go on being myself in spite of them all, and I am not strong enough. He would have been disappointed, just as Connor and I used to be disappointed in our butterfly chases, when we closed our hands on a purple-emperor, and found, on opening them, that there was nothing inside but broken wings and dust. Don’t you think there is truth in what I say, Pelham, dear? You’d like me to be true, above all, would you not?”

“Yes,” said Pelham, deliberately, after a moment’s silence; “you were quite right, Ellen; and whatever trouble is before us, I promise never to reproach you with what you have thrown away. I know more about it than you suppose. You are not the only one of us who has felt out of place at Pelham Court. I have not forgotten what I suffered

when I first went to live there as a little fellow, and they used to show me like a curiosity to their friends, as their cousin from Connaught, and wonder, before my face, that I had not higher spirits, and did not make Irish bulls. I used to vow to myself never to speak an unnecessary word. If I am a dull, reserved fellow now, you must put it down to the training in silence I had then. After all, I am afraid sometimes that I am as Irish at heart as any of you—if feeling a great deal more than is convenient makes me so.”

“Oh, Pelham, thank you for saying that! Now we are real brother and sister.”

“But, whatever I am at the core, I keep the horror that grew up with me of acting so as to draw on myself the charges usually brought against Irishmen. Conduct that, under certain circumstances, I might have been capable of, becomes impossible to me when I remember the contempt I have heard poured on it at Pelham Court as the usual resource of a broken-down Irish gentleman.”

“But what conduct?”

“Ruined Irishmen are always said at Pelham Court to mend their fortunes by marrying heiresses.”

“Mamma was not an heiress—they cannot say that of—”

“No, no!—and yet you must have noticed the pitying tone in which they always speak of our mother there, as if she had, if not degraded, at least done very badly for herself in marrying an Irishman.”

“Why do you recall that now?”

“To lead you back to the question we began with.”

“You are thinking of Connor and Lesbia.”

“Of Connor? Oh no, he never was in earnest.”

“Jest and earnest are so mixed up together in Connor, one cannot say. It would not have been another person’s earnest, but I believe it was his.”

“The worse for us all. There is no use in shutting our eyes to facts. Day by day we are sinking lower and lower,

and every step down brings with it another link in the chain of obligation to the people who any day may possess themselves of all we are losing. Do you think John Thornley's kindness is meant in any way to lay an obligation on me not to try—not to win—in short, has he, do you think, the Pelham Court notion of an Irishman's method of repairing his broken fortunes?—and does he intend by every service he forces on us to show me that it would be treachery in me to—the thought is intolerable! His meaning or not meaning it changes nothing in the facts—but I could not bear to be taking bribes; to feel that it was obligation, not my own sense of honour alone, that guarded every word and look."

"My poor Pelham! how I wish it was not such deep earnest with you."

"I can't understand such a thing being at all, if it is not earnest. Of course I know perfectly well that there is to be no end to it. Let the worst fortune come that can come, I will never be the seedy Irishman that worms himself into idle comfort again through a woman's goodwill, nor shall Connor so degrade himself, if I can prevent it."

"And suppose poor little Lesbia should love the one or the other of you?"

"You have no reason to think she does."

"I do not say I have; and at all events, Pelham, no one can accuse you of giving her the opportunity. The 'Cadet de Colobrière' himself, who, by the way, now I come to think of it, is Lesbia's favourite romance-hero just at present, was not more *farouche* than you are."

"I don't want to make a bear of myself. I am not such an idiot as to think there is any need. I only grow savage when this question of the motive of John Thornley's kindness puzzles me; and his favours begin to look like bribes."

"His kindness has never astonished or puzzled me. I know quite well that he feels as if he could never do enough for us, and that all he has belongs more

to us than to himself. Though he is so much more your friend than mine, I understand him better than you do, and give him credit for higher motives. It has not anything to do with you and Lesbia. All his conduct to us is influenced by—just that night—you know what I mean. Our father died in his place; and when he took him out of my arms, I believe he felt as if he took upon himself all the care for us that our father would have had. I don't think you need scruple to accept any service from him: it comes to him as duty with the life that, but for our father's generosity, would have ended that night."

"But he has never said a word of the kind. I should not think he is at all the sort of man to have such a romantic idea of duty. You know they would call it so at Pelham Court. They would put that down as one of your sentimental Irish ideas, and scout the possibility of its influencing Uncle Charles's model man of business, John Thornley."

"Then they don't know him as well as I do. Sentimental or not, the thought did not come out of my mind at all. I have read it in his face a dozen times. Some faces have such a great deal in them; and do you know, Pelham, I begin to think it is the plain faces that bear best to be looked at, and are the beautiful ones after all. Yes, I know it is an Irish bull; but I mean exactly what I say. I have found it out lately. I used to call Miss Thornley and her brother plain, but since I have been here, I have seen looks on their faces, that are beyond anything for what they tell you."

"Whatever Thornley's motives may be, my position of dependence on him remains the same; and you can't wonder at my finding it galling, and longing to escape somehow. If only I were not such a fool!—if I could do anything!"

"It seems to me that you are doing a great deal. Let us, just for argument's sake, suppose that all the Daly estates had passed into the Thornleys' hands, that they were owners and you the

agent; you would still be working and earning fairly what you receive."

"About a tenth part—for my work is not worth much. I am only learning. The rest of our income would be charity, and is."

"You are so resolutely sensible, dear Pelham, you won't let the least little touch of illusion come in to hide the ugly bare outlines of fact. That is Pelham Court training, and it does make things hard for you."

"At the best it is difficult enough to accept obligations gracefully, and not let them make one feel mean."

"There are plenty of people have to do it this year. What we feel about the Thornleys' bounty is only a twinge of the great pain all Ireland is feeling at having to take relief from England. There are some who can't bear it at all, who are just driven wild with the shame of having to be fed by the hands that have oppressed and robbed us hitherto. They think it would be better to break loose before the new chains are bound round us, and die free. You can understand their feeling for the nation what you feel for yourself, can you not, Pelham dear?"

"I can understand it and blame it too. I don't mean to encourage myself in bitterness, however great the temptation may be. When things are at the blackest, and one's way hardest to see, what is the use of raising more mists? Whether it is hope or anger that creates them, they can only bewilder. Let us do our best in our extremity to see clearly and walk straight."

"I shall have a chance of growing wise, now you take me in hand. We must indeed help each other, Pelham, for we have a great deal to bear. How pretty the village looks from here—the freshly white-washed cabins, the broad road overhanging the water, and the green snore of the lake! Who would think there was sorrow and death in it? Pelham, since we must leave all this, and leave it spoilt and sad, I am glad that you have not often been here; that your life has not struck such deep roots about the place as mine and Connor's."

"I don't know. Sometimes I think I shall feel the break-up more than either of you. I shall always be sorry that I did not care for the poor old place while it was ours."

Just then the bell for the Angelus from the little white-washed chapel in the village sounded. Ellen clasped her hands round her brother's arm, and held him motionless and silent where they were standing for a moment or two.

"Just think," she said, when they turned again towards the house, "what a great cry of anguish went up to-night from all Ireland with the Angelus bell: 'Pray for us sinners, now, and at the hour of death!' and the hour of death so near to thousands everywhere throughout the land now. As I stood still that moment I could almost believe that I felt and heard the great throbbing and cry for help go pulsing up to the throne of God. We must comfort ourselves by remembering that He heard it surely."

An expression of reverent gravity remained on Ellen's face, till she had parted from Pelham in the hall and mounted the first flight of the staircase, on her way to her mother's room; and then, at a sudden thought she turned and ran back to him, in one of those rapid changes of mood that were so incomprehensible to him. Resting both hands on his shoulders, she looked smilingly in his face—

"Now, my dear Cadet de Colobrière—no, Ainé de Daly, I mean"—she said, "I am not coming down to dinner to-day; mamma is tired, and I am going to make tea for her in her room, and I lay a solemn charge on you, not to be *farouche*. I assure you, on my honour, that the common-place talking individual is the least dangerous of the two, and that your conscience imposes it upon you to be extremely agreeable, and to make the evening, in my absence, a pleasure instead of a weariness to our hosts. Now, attend, I shall take means to learn how you conduct yourself."

On her way down to dinner, Bride Thornley turned into the pretty boudoir opening from Mrs. Daly's bedroom to

see that everything was comfortably arranged for the evening meal Ellen and her mother were to share there. Prosperity agreed with Bride Thornley's looks—that is to say, the neat figure and small-featured, colourless, intellectual face, that had looked insignificant when she was clad in the scanty drab garments she had affected when left to her own devices, had an air of refinement, and even of distinction, when set off by the rich dark silks and judiciously chosen ribbons and laces that Lesbia's taste imposed. Neither were the other outside appliances of wealth so incapable of giving Miss Thornley pleasure as she was apt to imagine, when she looked back lovingly on her days of struggle. As she satisfied herself of her guests' comfort, she glanced round with evident satisfaction on the pleasant room; the sofa drawn in front of a cosy wood fire; the dainty tea-service, whose bright silver and delicately coloured china reflected the glow of the flames; the softly falling curtains and rich carpets that made a pretty background to the two figures seated by the fire. She certainly enjoyed making her guests welcome to so much comfort, and was pleased to find herself the moving-spring of a well-regulated household.

Ellen noticed the expression of complacency that crossed her face, as she lingered a minute or two by the door, making hospitable suggestions to Mrs. Daly; and when they were alone, she turned to her mother with an impatient sigh that had much wonder and a spice of contempt in it.

"Ah!" she exclaimed, "this is all new to Miss Thornley; she can admire the house as it is now, and fancy that the finery does not spoil it."

"She is a very clever woman," Mrs. Daly answered, echoing Ellen's sigh; "if I had been as clever——"

"Oh, mamma! don't—don't wish you had turned the dear old Castle into a cockney paradise while he was in it. How he would have hated the stiff prim life, and all the little fads and formalities they make such a parade over."

"You are prejudiced, Ellen. The quiet and order are delightful to me; and I cannot help feeling more comfortable here now, changed as everything is, and sad as I must be, than I used to feel in the old days of waste and confusion. This is what I was accustomed to in my youth; and when one is growing old, it is to the habits of one's childhood one turns back with pleasure. I lie here with my eyes shut, listening to the stillness, or to the regular subdued household sounds, till I forget the actual circumstances under which I am here, and fancy myself either a child at home again, in my dear mother's time, or that this is Pelham's house as I used in thought to regulate and arrange it for him when he was a baby, and I had him first in this very room. I don't believe that I have once since I came quite taken in the thought that I am here as the guest of John and Bride Thornley, the children of that cousin who used to be spoken of at Pelham Court as the least reputable connection of our family."

"Mamma, did you know these very Thornleys in old times? I wish you would tell me all you remember ever to have heard about them."

"Their father had an old-fashioned manorhouse about twenty miles from Pelham Court. He was a very dissipated man, well-known as a horse-racer and gambler. My father and mother disliked him greatly, and we did not visit at his house; but we were all very sorry for his wife, a gentle, lady-like person, who lived a very solitary life shut up with her children, and seldom going anywhere. Once a year or so she would come, bringing one of her little ones with her, to spend a day at Pelham Court. It was evidently an effort for her to come into society, so neglected and unhappy had she become; but she made it for the sake of keeping up her connection with us, and the position in the county which was hers by right of birth. I quite well remember her dejected, worn face, like Bride's, but handsomer, and not so acute. The last time I saw her was when I stayed at

Pelham Court, two years after my marriage; she came alone that day; but I remember her telling me, with tears in her eyes, an anecdote of her son John's devotion to her. It made an impression on me, for Pelham was sitting on my knee at the time, a little child of a year old, and I thought it was such love as that I should like to grow up between him and me."

"Can you remember it?" asked Ellen, with eager curiosity.

"The circumstances are confused in my memory now; but I think the story was that the father had taken the child, without the mother's knowledge, to some place she disliked his visiting, and intended keeping him there through the night, leaving her in ignorance where he was; and that the boy escaped from the window of the room where he had been put to bed, and ran back through a dark winter's night a long distance home, to save her, as she said, some hours of agony. Poor woman! she died worn out with it at last."

"Then they must have suffered a great deal, that elder brother and sister. That is how they came to have such quiet, watchful, resolute faces. I am glad you have told me this story, mamma, it makes me understand them better. What was their old home like?"

"An old-fashioned ivy-grown place, with a moat round it. I rode past it with your father the day before I was married, and I remember being surprised that it did not strike him as so forlorn-looking and out of repair as I thought it. I had not seen Castle Daly then. Your Uncle Charles bought the place some years after, when Mr. Thornley had to sell everything. He has improved the house, I believe, and means it for Marmaduke when he marries. It is strange, indeed, the odd turns of fortune and unexpected complications that time brings with it."

"Very strange," said Ellen, a little falteringly, for she knew that her mother's thoughts were contemplating the possibility of time bringing the strange turn of fortune's wheel that would

place her in the Thornleys' old home as its mistress, while they were ruling in hers. She hastened to start another subject.

"Uncle Charles bought their old manorhouse, then. Did he lose sight of his cousins when they were turned out of it? Did not he do anything for them in their worst time?"

"It would have been useless to try to help them while their father lived. To have given or lent money to the elder Thornley would have been like pouring water into a sieve; and nothing would induce either Mrs. Thornley or the children to separate their fortunes from his during his life. They had offers of help from her relations and his on condition of giving him up, but they were determined to hold together. By the time the father died there was not much to be done for them. Bride and John had worked their way up, and were doing well for themselves. It was more on our behalf than on his that Uncle Charles persuaded John Thornley to come here as your father's agent."

"They look like people who would always hold together, and stand by every person or thing that had a claim on them, or that they had ever taken up—steadfast. I think even Lesbia would be that if she were once fixed."

"You think so?" Mrs. Daly asked, meditatively; and then after the unusual burst of conversation a long silence followed. They had reached the borders of a topic that neither cared to enter upon, and that tempted each to drift off into reverie.

When tea was over, Mrs. Daly lay back on the sofa with her eyes shut, listening, as she said, to the stillness; and occasionally, when a door was opened below, catching the distant sound of Pelham's and Lesbia's voices in a duet to which Bride was playing the accompaniment on the piano in the drawing-room. Ellen sat on a stool looking into the glowing wood embers, and seeing there a vision of an old manorhouse, whose low-ceilinged, panelled rooms, as they opened out before

her, were occupied by an incongruous succession of owners—Marmaduke and herself, Pelham and Lesbia, John and Bride. It rose up before her fancy as a rival home to Castle Daly, invested with a fatal power of attraction that was destined to draw all the prosperity and habitableness from one family abode to the other. An Aaron's serpent of a home, swallowing up other homes in revenge for having been left desolate so long. "They must love best the place where they were born," she said to herself; "and Uncle Charles would welcome them back there now they are prosperous. Why don't they go?" And with the question a heavier sense of obligation than she had acknowledged before fell upon her and saddened her.

The evening was nearly over when, on Mrs. Daly's retiring to rest, she ran down stairs to spend the last half-hour before prayer-time in the drawing-room. Every one came forward to reproach her for having been absent so long on John's and Bride's last evening; but Ellen thought they all looked as if they had enjoyed themselves in her absence. Pelham apparently had not been *farouche*; for he and Lesbia were standing together by the piano chatting in the pauses of their songs, and there was a little flush on Lesbia's face, and the soft light in her brown eyes that became them best. Bride, with her fingers on the keys, playing mechanically what she was told to play and dreaming between whiles, was thinking that she should have John all to herself to-morrow. John, under cover of the music, had been indulging himself in a thoughtful revival of the essay on Young Ireland poetry, that was to go with him to London the next day, reclining comfortably in his arm-chair meanwhile, and only jotting down a memorandum for a note or altering the form of a sentence with his pencil, and now and then murmuring over a phrase half aloud to see if the sound satisfied his ear as well as the sense his judgment. He was well pleased as he read, and secretly thought that here was a piece of work well done—there was thought, and surely here and there

pathos too, and sentences of keen sarcasm that in their wording more nearly realized his standard of expression than anything he had written before. He looked up at the bookshelf over his head, and nodded smilingly towards the copy of Elia's essays which had been his first purchase when he and Bride found themselves in a condition to begin to build up a library; and he said to himself that his past hours of devotional admiration of that master of delicate irony had not been quite thrown away, but might yet produce fruit that would prove the disciple not so far behind his model but that their kinship might be recognized. When Ellen came near, John resigned his chair and pencil into her hands, and begged her to read the essay and mark any passage she did not approve. Then he walked away to the other end of the room, and called Pelham to come and look over some papers with him, and discuss matters of business that had to be attended to while he was away. Pelham grew perplexed, and after a time, somewhat annoyed, when he discovered that though Mr. Thornley folded and unfolded letters and talked fast, he was not by any means giving his whole attention to the questions they were considering, and that he invariably paused in the middle of a sentence if Ellen turned over a leaf of the MS. she held while he was speaking. When Pelham answered, his eyes became fixed on the pencil between Ellen's fingers, and he was clearly far more occupied in counting the number of marks she made on the edge of the page she was reading than in listening to what was said. There was nearly as much of the author's anxiety for appreciation as of the lover's in the absorption with which John watched Ellen's progress through his pages. He was not foolish enough to suppose that he could win her heart by any display of literary skill, but he thought there were outworks of admiration to be stormed that way; and he counted on having earned her gratitude by the ample justice he had rendered to the grace and originality he had found in some of

Connor's verses. To atone for the critical mildness there displayed, he had fallen with double severity on the faults and exaggerations of the poems that had moved him to enthusiasm when he had heard Ellen's voice thrill and tremble with their pathos. In treating these, he felt he was dealing with perilous matter that his conscience would not allow him to trifle with; and, almost unknown to himself, the words of that other poet aroused a strong antagonism—an impatient disapproval that coloured his judgment of his verse more than he was aware.

At last Ellen turned the final page, and John pushed aside the papers he had been arranging into a confused heap again, and hurried up to her chair. He almost trembled at the thought of the first look she would turn on him when she raised her eyes from the paper. The concluding sentences of his essay were to his mind full of deep sympathy with Ireland's sufferings, and of mournful solemn warning to those who, while singing their country's wrongs, were preparing a still worse fate for her than she had yet endured; and he thought Ellen would be much moved in reading what he had written. He recollected the wet sheet of the newspaper when one pathetic poem had received such a tribute as would, he thought, have satisfied the most exacting poet's thirst for acknowledgment. Would there be tears in those dearest eyes in the world now?

"Well," he said, standing opposite her, "how do you like it?"

The eyes she raised to his face were swimming in tears, but it was an angry light that flashed through them.

"Like it! How could you think I should like it! Why, I hate it all—I hate every word."

The excess of his surprise and disappointment calmed him at once and made him frigid.

"I am sorry, but I was of course obliged to write what I believe to be true. Why do you hate it?"

"It is cruel—you ought to know that. The praise is what I hate; it is all

double-edged, a great deal crueller than the blame. You talk about imagination and magic, and glamour, and the force of eloquent words, as if the poems were all made up out of these, and there were no patriotism, no wrongs, no real country even—nothing real at the bottom for the enthusiasm to be about. If you had said this out plainly in words that did not profess to praise, I should have been angry, but I should not have hated it quite so much."

"You are like all women, who never quite understand or appreciate irony."

"I do understand it; I hate it worst of anything in the world. It is like a blight that creeps in and kills everything it touches. Yes, and it withers the strength of its wielders as well as that of those it wounds."

"It kills unrealities and false enthusiasms, nothing stronger."

"True enthusiasms sometimes have weak beginnings, and when irony kills them—"

"Well?"

"It is the worst sort of murder; there is no end to the evil of it, for you can never say what base or terrible things may not spring up from their ashes. When all the high feeling and hope has been laughed out of them, they die; but out of their ashes monsters of cruelty and hate rise up."

"How do you know?" asked Bride, who had come up behind John, and for the last minute or two had been looking at the agitated faces of the disputants with a sensible smile on her lips. "Don't you think, Miss Daly, that you are giving John fresh evidence of the truth of his remarks concerning the creative power of Irish eloquence, when you frighten us out of all wish to go to bed to-night, by such Cassandra prophecies? John is slowly turning to stone under the effect of your denunciations, and is already, as you may perceive, quite incapable of holding his bedroom candle straight."

"Of course you laugh at me," said Ellen, rising and laying down the manuscript sheets on a table near. "I will go to bed. It is waste of words for me

to speak when you can sneer at D'Arcy O'Donnell's poems."

"I don't sneer," said John, coming close to her, and speaking emphatically. "Sneers imply contempt, and there is not a grain of contempt in the whole paper; it is you who *will* read it wrong. It is respectful throughout, for I have put out all my powers, and I praise all I can conscientiously."

"You put yourself on a height and judge."

"Critics always must."

"Then they are always wrong."

"Perhaps; but you will at least allow that I have done justice to Connor."

"You have praised his rhymes; but, fond of such praise as Connor is, he will hate it, when it is given at the expense of all he believes in and cares for, as heartily as I hate it for him. I would not advise you to trust that manuscript in his hands if he were here to night."

"If you would show me where you think I am unjust, instead of condemning the whole," said John, deprecatingly. "I am not beyond conviction; and though you may not believe it, I have a sincere wish to speak the truth; if you would specify——"

"I can't," answered Ellen. "You would call it all exaggeration; it would be just as your sister says, giving you fresh evidence to turn against us. Give me my candle and let me go. I don't think I will ever tell you what I really think again about anything I care for. I'll know now how you will take it."

John turned away abruptly, took a bedroom candle from a table, and lit it slowly; then as he placed it in Ellen's hand, he said, in a low voice that could only reach her ear—

"What you said last was too bad. You talk of other people being cruel; but that was a great deal worse than cruelty—it was revenge. You must have known how it would hurt me."

"Good night!" said Ellen, aloud. "I am sorry if I am cross, but I can't help it; good night, Miss Thornley—I know you are wishing me away, for you said you still had a great deal to do

to-night, and Lesbia has disappeared long since."

Bride turned to her brother, as the door closed behind Ellen—

"Like oaks and towers, they had a giant grace,
Those western shepherd seers,"

she quoted, laughing. "Such an exhibition does make one feel one's own moderate size, mental and bodily, does it not? I *quite* believe now in the O'Flaherty ancestress, who frightened the Saxons into paying tribute; but, my dear John, I beg your pardon for laughing, I see you are really—annoyed——"

"Annoyed is not the word—it goes a great deal deeper than that."

"I am sorry, but really—her opinion is worthless—utterly worthless on such a matter as this. You could not expect a half-educated girl (don't wince at the phrase, John, you know she is half-educated in our sense of the word) to appreciate such writing as yours. It is quite beyond her. Now, that is really the best piece of criticism you have ever written."

"Criticism is a horrid trade. She was right in saying that it withers up the craftsmen as well as their victims. We have stultified ourselves over it—you and I, Bride. In our horror of sentiment we have toppled over on the other side, and grown as false as that which we wished to avoid."

"It is only our crust, and people whose liking is worth having will make their way through it, and find us out."

"It is a desperate hope, though, when the liking is a matter of life and death; and there are people with no crust. Does any one about here know, I wonder, what sort of person this Young Ireland poet—this O'Donnell—is? Not that it is any concern of mine. The important question to me is, are my criticisms unjust?"

"I won't have you consider. You have always given me a right over your compositions since the first you brought to me, and I have given my *imprimatur* to this. Let me take it away and pack it up before you spoil it."

"No, no, leave it where it is."

"But you won't meddle with it to-night in the mood you are in?"

"No, I will take a night to think it over; but leave it on my writing-table. I will not touch it till to-morrow morning, and then not, unless I find there is good reason."

"Of course you'll spoil it; but I see you must be left to take your way;"—then as he turned to get her candle, she came up behind him, and put both her hands on his shoulders. "John, there's just a word more to be said: however impervious our crust may be to other people, between us two it can never be a disguise. No possible armour of cynicism you could put on would ever hide the real *you* from *me*. I know well enough that my liking is not a matter of life and death; but whatever you want from it, it is always there, and will not, I think, fail you."

"Thank you: I have been wishing to thank you for a long time, only I did not know how to get out the words, for being so kind to *her*, and for making this week what I believe I shall be glad of all my life, even if, as is most likely, I never have another like it."

"You will have enough of such to tire out my good behaviour, and force me against my will to own that 'oaks and towers,' and 'giant graces,' and enthusiasms, are not as much to my taste as more commonplace materials, which, to my mind, wash and wear better. Do you remember my telling you that it was as well for me to keep a certain possibility concerning you in my mind, that I might be able to bear it when it came, and your saying you could not see what there would be to bear?"

"And I don't now. I should have thought that such companionship as we have had lately would have been the greatest delight to you—would have made you perfectly happy."

"Yes, and you would think the same if I talked to you till morning. You are only a man after all, and must not affect to see through my crust as clearly

as I see through yours. Good night I shall go and finish my packing."

It was very late before Bride Thornley came near the end of her business. The perfect ordering of the household, which gave such content to Mrs. Daly, was not effected without much labour on the part of its head; and at this juncture there was also to be taken into account arrangements for the distribution of food among the villagers, which could not be given over into less systematic hands than her own without much forethought. A little before twelve o'clock, Bride issued from her room with a bundle of memorandums and papers which she designed to arrange in the pigeon-hole compartments of a desk in the housekeeper's room, where Lesbia would find them when needed. She was not altogether sorry to have an excuse for coming out, like a sultan in disguise, at unseasonable hours, that she might satisfy herself of the obedience of her subjects on certain points concerning which she had long been doubtful; and when on reaching the head of the staircase she heard a stealthy tread of feet, and saw through the balusters a glimmer of lights moving in regions far below, it was not fear, but a sense of triumph that came into her mind. Now at last she should convict the offenders of the often-denied offence of sitting up in the lower regions to unauthorized late hours. She hurried down three flights of stairs, but only to find total darkness and silence in the offices she invaded. On her return, as she was pushing open a heavy swing door that led into the front hall, she again caught sight of a suspicious gleam, which now seemed to come through the chinks of the drawing-room door. In her surprise, she let the swing-door fall to in her face, and dropped the papers she was carrying; and when she had gathered them up again, and come through into the hall at last, she was much startled to find herself face to face with Ellen Daly, fully dressed, and standing close to the door, with an extinguished candle in her hand.

"Is anything the matter? is your mother ill?" Bride asked anxiously, as soon as she recovered her start.

"Oh, no, thank you! I wanted something, and came down to fetch it, and just now my candle went out. Will you light me back to my room? I am afraid of making a noise and awakening mamma."

"It seems to me that there has been a great deal of noise in the house this hour past—have you observed anything?"

"I dare say there has. I have not been thinking about it till now."

"I shall go and call John."

"I advise you not: this house is famous for noises, and no good has ever come of hunting them that I ever heard. There are several Dalys that walk, you know, to say nothing of banshees, and the only thing to be done is to grow accustomed to them, and let them have their way."

"You really believe that!" cried Bride, unable to suppress a slight movement of contempt, as she noticed a peculiar intent look in Ellen's eyes, and a quiver in her voice, showing that tears were not far off. "No wonder the servants think they can roam about as they please at night under cover of ghost stories."

"I confess to having felt uncomfortable when my light went out," said Ellen, meekly, "and that I shall be glad to keep near you till we get back to our bedrooms."

"I am going in here first, to put some papers into the press, and then I shall listen again at the head of the kitchen stairs. Come with me if you like."

The sound of living voices, or Bride's scepticism, had clearly driven the ghosts away, for all was perfectly still and dark when she and Ellen returned from the housekeeper's room, and stood in the hall looking upwards and downwards. Bride wished to search the lower rooms, but Ellen professed great anxiety to return to her mother, and she did not like to detain her. She was half-disposed to set forth on a new voyage of discovery when they parted company

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at Mrs. Daly's door; but on looking into her own room, she found Lesbia awake, and anxious to know the cause of her absence; and rather than excite nervous fears in her, she decided to put aside her own curiosity and betake herself to bed.

It was not with an easy mind, however, that she did so. Several times after she had laid her head on the pillow, she started up again, fancying a sound, and when after many efforts she was at length sinking blissfully down into an abyss of sleep, she was brought back wide awake and distressingly alert again, by the recollection flashing into her mind that the candle in Ellen Daly's hand was covered by an extinguisher, and certainly could not have been blown out by accident as her words implied. What could she have come down stairs so late to seek? And what could have induced her to leave herself designedly in the dark? Bride felt she should have no peace of mind till she had fathomed these mysteries, and the night looked an uncomfortably long space for miserable suspicions to work out their torments in. Nothing but sleep could shorten it, and for a long time that relief seemed quite unattainable. If there should be such a serious blemish as want of truth and straightforwardness in her brother's idol, then indeed the sight of his infatuation would be hard to bear. And she could not till morning dawned decide whether the misery of seeing him continue in delusion, or the misery of having to act herself as the shatterer of his dreams, would be the most acute.

After wishing Miss Thornley good night, Ellen stood holding the door of her room ajar, and watched through the crevice till Bride and her light finally disappeared; then she emerged again, and ran quickly down stairs, not pausing till she reached the drawing-room door. It was not so dark as it had been half-an-hour before, for the moon had now risen high enough to shine through the upper windows and cross the wide dark staircase with bars of cold white light. Neither was it quite

dark within the drawing-room, when, after listening for a second or two, she turned the handle and entered, for dustystreams of moonlight came through holes in the shutters, and made green patches of light here and there on the floor, showing clearly two occupants, one of whom was stooping over a writing-desk, as if intently occupied thereat; the other standing upright in the middle of the room, with his arms folded, and the moonlight falling full on his face. At the slight sound Ellen made in coming forward, the stooping figure sprang up, and Connor hurried to meet her.

"Well, you plucky conspirator—you girl of gold!" he cried; "have you got us the key?"

"Yes; but oh, Connor, this last freak of yours has almost killed me with the fright. Who do you think it was that made the noise with the green-baize door, that frightened you into extinguishing my candle?"

"The Daly that killed his twin brother in a duel, or the one that walks about with his head under his arm—which?"

"It was Bride Thornley; and if I had not gone boldly to meet the noise, she would have marched straight in here, and found us together."

"Well, she would not have been the only member of her family I should have had the honour of showing to our cousin to-night."

"She did me good service, as it was, for she took me to the housekeeper's room herself, and I lifted the key of the conservatory door from its hook in the press over her very head, while she was arranging her papers; but oh, the terror I was in till I saw her safe up stairs again."

"You used not to be so timid; it would have been nothing but fun to you a while ago to outwit the dragons that have driven us into exile. Anyway, Eileen aroon, you would not grudge D'Arcy his one visit to the Castle, if you had seen, as I have done to-night, how he loves every stone of it without ever having set his eyes on one of them

before. There's no one has a better right to be here than he."

Ellen turned to Connor's companion, who had now moved to the door, and was standing near them.

"If we could have welcomed you properly, you know I should have been glad to see you here, cousin," she said.

"But you don't know how bitterly ashamed I am of intruding on you in such a fashion as this," he answered. "When I found our retreat was cut off, I wanted to call the master of the house, and confess the scrape we had got ourselves into; but you appeared at the door of your room while we were discussing the point, and before I knew, Connor gave the signal that brought you up to our rescue."

"Connor was right; it would not have done to rouse the house: mamma might have been disturbed, and made terribly anxious by Connor's unexpected appearance."

"I ought not to have let him persuade me to this freak, the wind-up of our enterprise here. I can only plead in excuse the longing that grew up through my childhood, when my mother used to talk to me in America of Castle Daly as if it were the very heart of Ireland, so that I could hardly feel myself pledged to the country as a son till I had been here and asserted my birthright."

Connor and Ellen had spoken hurriedly, in low whispers; but D'Arcy, during this speech, allowed his voice to rise to its ordinary key, and showed no more haste or embarrassment than if he had been conversing under ordinary circumstances in full daylight. Ellen looked up into his face, distinctly outlined, but pale and weird-looking in the moonlight, and a thrill almost of awe passed through her. The likeness to her father was so strong, that she could not help remembering stories that had frightened her in her childhood, of departed Dalys who came back in the dead of night to throng the old rooms, and she felt tongue-tied, as if to speak would break a spell, and banish the presence so often longed for.

Connor put his hand on his cousin's shoulders with a whispered "Hush!"

"He is not the right stuff for a conspirator to be made of," he said, turning to Ellen. "He would get up on to the wall his friends were hid behind, and make a fine speech to the constables who were looking for them. The trouble I have to keep him quiet!"

"When you have brought me into false positions, you mean. Never will I trust myself in your guidance again. The bargain was that I was to be taken through a suite of uninhabited rooms to see a certain picture, and get back without encountering a soul, and here we are caught in a trap like burglars."

"I knew, at the worst, there was a faithful mouse in the Castle with wits enough to set the lion free if he did get into trouble," said Connor; "and I would not have wanted help if the place had not been destroyed altogether with repairs and improvements."

"But I warned you, and told you not to come."

"If we had had any doubt of there being one to welcome us, we should have lost it listening to some words we overheard while we were waiting to slip in. Did not I like what you said to John Thornley about how I would thank him for his contemptible praise of me, if I had the chance of doing what I liked with his precious essay."

"Why, where were you?"

"On the ledge of the lowest turret window, among the ivy, where we used to sit in old times, and overhear conversations in the drawing-room, when the window chanced to be open. I had to hold D'Arcy fast, I can tell you, or he would have flung himself down and come striding through the drawing-room window to clap you on the back for standing up for us."

"He is mistaken, Miss Daly; I would not have moved or lost a syllable for the world. If it has been much to me to come here and see the place where my mother's thoughts were till she died, it is even more to know that there is a voice in the old home that speaks up

for me. It was a moment never to be forgotten."

"And you saw her picture?"

"Yes," said Connor, answering for his friend. "When all was still in the house, I let him in by the turret door, and took him up the creaking old turret stairs to the lumber-rooms, and then across the passage to our old school-room. He stayed mourning over the picture a thought too long, for when we got back to the passage, we found the door into the lumber-rooms locked and the key gone."

"Miss Thornley must have come up to lock it before going to bed."

"No; better fun than that, it was little Lesbia herself. We stood in the dark at the end of the passage, and saw her tripping down stairs with the key in her hand. It was too provoking! I could see the top of her pretty head for two minutes and a half, by peeping over the balusters; it was my turn then to want to fling myself over and fall at her feet. Would she have taken me for a ghost and screamed, I wonder?"

"Her head is much fuller of robbers than of ghosts, and that is why she makes a point of having the door to the lumber-rooms locked at night. I think you must have made more noise than you are aware of, for mamma was restless. I sat with her an hour, and was only just going to my own room when you saw me."

"By good luck, or we should have had to spend the night in the old schoolroom, and missed the car that is to meet us at Ballyowen. We are both due in Dublin by midday to-morrow. You may take comfort by knowing that this is the very last you'll see of me for some time to come."

"After this experience I shall never know when or where you may turn up. I shall never think you safe. Cousin D'Arcy, must you lead him into all this?"

"Ellen! what do you mean? Have I not been enough insulted to-night by John Thornley's praise, without your insinuating that I am a led dog, to be

turned this way and that at D'Arcy's will?"

Heedless of Connor's interruption, Ellen continued to look up into the deeply-shadowed face that in the uncertain light looked so familiar and yet so strange. "Mr. Thornley says," she went on, "that it is what will alter and spoil his whole life, and he is so thoughtless and young, and his father is dead. It is a terrible weight on my conscience to be hiding all this, not knowing quite whether it is a noble, or only a desperate thing you are doing."

She could see how the countenance she looked at darkened and changed; there was a moment's pause, as if he were struggling for voice to speak.

"Yes," he said hoarsely at last, "you are right—the concealment, the dark ways, the poor mean beginnings are terrible; but it is the path that has to be crept or wriggled through at the outset of every uprising. I can't tell you that we shall ever get further than that. I can't say that we shall not be trodden down into the earth we are creeping through like worms, before we ever come up so far as the daylight of the struggle. It may be simply a spoiling of our lives and nothing more; and you have appealed to me to spare your brother. What can I say?—but that from the beginning to the end, whatever it is, there shall always be one life, one future, one reputation, that shall go first—before his, and be thrust always between him and blame or danger; that I can promise you."

"That was not what I wanted; but thank you," said Ellen, mournfully.

"Come, now," interrupted Connor, "you two have talked sentiment long enough for to-night. If we are to catch the car, we must start at once, and if we don't intend to do that, we had better have stayed the night in the old schoolroom up stairs, where I could have written love-letters by the yard for Lesbia to find in the morning. They would have put her out of conceit with Pelham's singing I fancy. It's too bad his having that pull over me, and I obliged to sit mum up in the ivy

like an old owl, and hear it all going on."

"Yes, indeed, I think you had better go now," Ellen answered. "Miss Thornley must be asleep by this time, and the conservatory door leading out on the terrace can be opened and shut with very little noise. This way; I will turn the key after you, and put up the bars, so that there shall be no trace in the morning of any one's having gone through; but I hope you will never put my sisterly devotion to such a proof again, Connor."

"It shall be for some more important purpose, if ever he does, I promise you," said D'Arcy, as they passed through the conservatory.

"And I," said Connor, putting his hands on Ellen's shoulders, and stooping down to give her a parting kiss at the door, "promise you that, when you come to think it over, you will have to confess that even this game has been well worth its little candle; and that your brother Connor is the boy with the quick wit to steal a march on the enemy, and give him a telling thrust when occasion offers. If John Thornley complains, don't scruple to tell him, as a message from me, that Cassandra was right, and that the little minnows don't care to be told they are bigger people than the whales, but resent such fibs as insults to their understanding."

Ellen stood still, watching the two receding figures, their shadows stretching across the moonlit lawn, till they had passed the garden gate and disappeared down the road; and then she could not resist the temptation of stepping herself across the threshold into the garden to breathe the fresh night air, fragrant with flower-scents, and look up at the windows of the silent house, shaded for sleep as still as if it were death. If she had dared, she would have liked to stay outside and wait for the summer sunrise, now not far off. The stealthy retreat into the house, and then the solitary hours of self-questioning, when the excitement had passed, and she had betaken herself to the position of the silent sleepers overhead,

looked extremely distasteful, but it had to be gone through. She left the key on the hall table, reflecting that she must trust to the servants' general reputation for carelessness, and to the pre-occupation of a morning before a journey, to escape any rigorous investigation as to the reason of its being there, and then she crept up to her own room. She had far less hope than *Bride* of being able to shorten the hours by sleep, for *her* uncomfortable reflections included some self-reproach and much self-questioning. She had always made herself the slave of Connor's schemes from earliest childhood, when the discrepancy between their father's and their mother's views on education created a large uncertain margin between permissible and unpermissible pleasures, concerning which a certain amount of contrivance seemed only necessary to avoid disagreeable collisions between the ruling powers.

It was an old, old habit to shield Connor, and further his undertakings, however wild; but was it right, was it not leading now to more serious consequences than she had ever contemplated? The warning sentences at the end of John Thornley's essay came back to her memory in all their terrible force of plain reasoning and strong, sober sense. If he should be right and Young Ireland wrong? For a cause that was certainly good, she thought she could even bear to see her brother throw away his life, if it were necessary—sure that such throwing away was worthy, and would not fail of its reward in the far end; but for a mistaken hope, for a result that would not be good if it were attained—that was the misery—to stand in the dark and choose as she felt these

young men, Connor's leaders, were doing. Was it heroic, or was it only rash?

Maddened with the misery they saw around them, was it only a weak impatience that made them clutch at desperate remedies, or was it the divine instinct that, in a nation's darkest hours, draws its true sons together, and inspires them with that breath of new life, which, blowing over dry bones picked bare by oppressors, and breathing through hearts turned to dust of despair, raises up from them a mighty army of strong men standing on their feet. As the light of a new day crept into the room, Ellen rose from her bed and sat at her window with a weary aching pain at her heart, which the solemn beauty of the sunrise on the hills could not soothe away. That joyous sunlight would, she knew, illumine many a death-bed of starving men and women and children, before it faded in the red west. She longed for some friend whom she could consult in her present perplexities, without knowing beforehand that he or she had prejudged all the questions that troubled her. Most deeply she regretted that old habits of reserve, and the unexpressed but always felt division of interest in the family, made her mother more utterly out of reach as a helper and confidant than any stranger. She knew that if she were to confess her anxieties about Connor to her mother, it would not be welcomed as a mark of confidence, but regarded as a cruel attempt to lay fresh burdens on shoulders already sinking under their load. The first effort of the day must be to put away all trace of the night's agitation, and bring a cheerful countenance to her mother's bedside on her awakening.

To be continued.

NOTES ON ROME.

II. THE ACTUALITIES OF ROME.

THOSE who fail to read these pages will probably follow the practice of the many-headed, and do in 1875 what was done by the world of strangers—myself included—in 1873. Holy Week, once so brilliant, is now become, like the Carnival of Paris, a myth, a tradition, with much less of costume than any Volunteer levee-day in London will show. There is no girandola, there are no illuminations, no benedictions *urbi et orbi*, and no special services at St. Peter's. A cardinal now washes the pilgrims' feet, and only their respective chapters function at the four great Basilicas—the Austrian Vatican, the French Lateran, the Spanish Santa Maria Maggiore, and the Basilica of S. Paolo, once, but now no more, under the protecting wing of England. The traditionary Jew is still baptized for a consideration, at the traditional chapel of the Lateran, on the traditionary Saturday before Easter. The squares before the Basilicas are fairly crowded with carriages during *Tenebræ*, on Good Friday, but there is a very thin muster inside. It is no wonder that the genus *dévo*t, which feels so much excitement at Jerusalem, here complains that the medium is unfavourable for devotion. Few strangers, especially non-Catholics, know that at the church of St. Apollinare, where the priests are all professors, they can enjoy a fine study of the grand old ritual. Yet, though the Holy Week is strenuously to be avoided at Rome, hosts of strangers, filled with the traditions of twenty years ago, swarm up on the evening of Maundy Thursday, each with red book under arm, and are sent away by the *padroni* and directors of hotels, who wring their hands over the fatal necessity. Those who succeed in

lodging themselves delay the *table d'hôte* from 6.30 P.M. to 7.30; and the extreme penuriousness of an Italian *gasthaus*, combined with the abnormal excitement which, upon such occasions as Holy Weeks and World-fairs, seems to possess the horde of harpies that preys upon periodical migrations, makes the visitor feel thoroughly uncomfortable and *dé-pay*sé.

Throughout Italy the hotels have gained in number, and perhaps in size, what they have lost in convenience and economy. The large country towns, like Ancona, still offer you the shelter of a mere pothouse, such as you would find in an Austrian village: the only decent entertainment is in houses kept by Germans—I will name the Hotel Brun at Bologna. In the various capitals—for every great Italian city preserves the traditions and the ways of a metropolis—living, once cheap and good, is now dear and bad. We can hardly be surprised at this in Rome, where prices have doubled since 1870, the reason being simply that the population has risen to 240,000, a figure unseen by any Pope before Pio Nono. With that peculiar hard and material side which characterises the Italian, a feature seldom detected by the passing stranger, the wealthy hotel proprietor rigidly carries out the pettiest economies of mustard and cheese, of salt and pepper. He can engage any number of waiters, sharp heads and deft hands, whom a good major-domo would soon drill to perfection in a week: he hires ten to serve two hundred, and they can hardly be expected to brush the soiled carpets or even to change the stained tablecloths. Some Englishmen boast that they avoid the houses where their compatriots congregate; I only hope that they will enjoy the Hôtel de Rome—so much praised by the guide-books—and the

Albergo della Minerva. The best plan is to take a room or rooms in a house frequented by "Britishers," such as the Angleterre, the Italia, the Costanzi, or the Iles Britanniques, and to lunch and dine at Spillman's—not mistaking, however, Spillman Brothers for the real Simon Pure. You will then have little to complain of, except the attendance and the addition. But even the choice of an apartment is no easy matter in a place where a freshly-papered room may bring on an attack of Roman fever or ulcerated sore throat.

The atmosphere of the capital, that "divinest climate" of Shelley, has been allowed to become as bad as any in Europe. Of course its evils have been exaggerated. Every autumn sets forth a host of calumnious reports, mostly traceable to Switzerland, where a money-loving race disapproves of a movement southwards, and its friends have lately armed themselves in its defence. Yet the fact remains that the bills of mortality show thirty-six deaths per 1,000 per annum, whilst Madras is thirty-five, Bombay twenty-seven, and London nineteen. Some diminish it to thirty, declaring the infant mortality to be excessive, and showing that great numbers of country-people flock into the hospitals when there is no hope of life being saved; others, again, increase it to forty-five. Many Italians are unable to live in Rome. A Florentine aide-de-camp of the king assured me that after suffering from two "*pernicieuses*," bad as those of Sardinia, he was obliged to give up residence.

Rome, like Jerusalem, is "builded on her own heap," and the similarity of the two climates strikes every traveller. This doubtless arises because in both Holy Cities you are living upon an accumulation of vegetable and animal decay, varying from 30 to 120 feet in depth. About half the old city, moreover, is still unoccupied—a wild waste of ruin, rubbish, and rotting vegetation; and the *enceinte*, especially to the south, is a world too wide for the now shrunk proportions. Finally, Rome

asserts her new dignity by raising vast piles when public offices and barracks cannot be accommodated by old palaces and ecclesiastical buildings. Such, for instance, is the Ministry of Finance now rising within the Porta Pia; whilst all around the Basilica of Santa Maria Maggiore, the work of destruction and construction is advancing with giant strides. Even on the Palatine, in the Foro Romano, and in the Colosseum, the spade is at work to the great joy of the archaeologist, who, here as at Jerusalem, expects it to solve a host of vexed questions. Much has already been done, and more remains for future years to do. Meanwhile, the *fièvre de construction*, so well known in the French capital, here flourishes, the more so as deodorizers—especially the use of lime—are apparently unheard of. And last, not least, are the drains, which neglect has made mines of poison: visit the Baths of Caracalla on a fine balmy day in spring, and calculate what the malaria must be in summer and autumn!

Peril of climate is certainly another reason for avoiding Rome in the Holy Week, which is somewhat too late for safety. Weather is fickle in the extreme during early April. There will be a few days of burning rain-sun sufficient to make an English dog hydrophobically inclined. I had the honour of dining with a mad terrier at Rome, and for the future all such invitations are declined with thanks. Then follows a furious thunderstorm: on April 10, 1873, the lightning blew up a gasometer outside the Porta del Popolo, but the gas was too weak to do much harm. Ensues that—

"Piova

Eterna, maladetta, fredda e greve,"

which distinguishes Rome, one of the rainiest of cities when Libeccio blows—those torrential showers and the cold damp draughts realizing the Moslem idea of Barakút, the icy place of punishment for those who delight in genial warmth. And finally, the mud, which is stickier and stiffer than that

of the London clay, becomes once more under the sun of Italy a fine searching dust, like the plague of Egypt and Young Egypt. Hence the traveller must live the life of an invalid, avoid draughts by day as by night, and muffle himself up at sunrise and sunset, unless he would risk the ague and fever of Hindostan, and resemble the country-people of the Campagna — gamboge-yellow with hepatic complications. And yet, despite all his care, he may find malaria master him in the shape of bilious remittent, or diphtheria, and fall a victim to Rome at Florence.

As you leave the Via Flaminia, and whirl into the single station so convenient in all these Italian cities for commissionaires and hotel omnibuses, you cannot help recognizing the fact that the old world capital

“Non e più qual era prima.”

A mighty change has come over the spirit of her dream, or rather she has been thoroughly aroused from the sleep of ages. New Rome, in fact, is pushing on with frantic haste, and not a few sharp eyes distinguish at the end of the race a stout young woman, principally remarkable for her breadth of chest and her Phrygian bonnet. There is a disruption of the traditionary *dolce far niente*. *Non possumus* is at a discount, and the old order is making place for the new—not without sore trouble and travail. It would hardly be safe for the Pope to officiate beyond the walls of the Vatican, and certainly it would not be pleasant, when even on the *enceinte* of the Leonine city, the unseemly words “Morte,” “Assassino,” and “Boia” (*bourreau*) are written in large characters under his name. Formerly you met a cardinal's coach at least once a day; now the newspaper kiosks, teeming with obscene and blasphemous books and caricatures, a disgrace to the Chief of Police, are alone sufficient to keep them under arrest at home. Priests and Friars, Sisters of Charity and Sisters of Mercy, still show that we are in the headquarters of Catholicism, but there are

far more soldiers than before, and the forty or fifty Swiss guards keep within the Vatican. There is a blood-feud between the Italianissimi and the Neri, in which no quarter is given, and justice and fair play are thrown by both parties to the winds. Street “rows” are now becoming the fashion, and I witnessed a scene between a *curé* and a “gutter-boy,” because the latter passed the former laughing and whistling—

“Galibaadi ha detto à me
Andreino à Roma senza Rà.”

The Religious Corporations Bill is causing a mighty excitement; characters are not spared on either side, and the vilest motives are attributed by Progressist to Retrograde, and *vice versa*. Foreigners, as usual, are taking part in the question, and the local paper (*Roman Times*) very properly warns them as follows:—

“The address recently presented by Prince Lichtenstein and a deputation of one hundred and sixty Catholics, amongst whom the names of some well-known English and Irish gentlemen were conspicuous, the violent language of which called forth much not undeserved censure, is but one of many evidences of what we must be allowed to call the very injudicious attitude assumed by the Catholic party towards the present Government of Italy. I am sure that the English members of the Church of Rome who sanction, directly or indirectly, such intemperate expressions of party feeling cannot know what injury they are doing to the cause of their religion.”

These zealots, in fact, do not reflect that they are putting themselves in the wrong before the high court of public opinion in Europe. Whilst they use bad language, and grossly insult the majesty of a nation, the Italians appeal to general sympathy by the perfect temper which they oppose to the intemperate stranger. The latter would probably have suffered in the flesh if he had thus vented his bile before any capital in Europe but Rome. Then

came the pleasant episode of March 1873, when Mr. V—— went wholly out of his way to support the clerical party, and was "thrashed," as he deserved, by the Liberals in the Piazza di Gesù. If Englishmen will fight the battles of other nations, let them, at any rate, look after the honour of their own nation, and make sure of winning. Even our peaceful nuns at home, I happen personally to know, were not long since "touting" for volunteers to "draw blood in honour of the Pope." Italy is obliged to keep up, at a ruinous expense, an army and a fleet in preparation for a crusade, or religious war, which would be certain, if France could afford it, and if the Legitimists had come to power. The finest agricultural country in Southern Europe, admirably worked by a sober, high-minded, and hard-toiling peasantry, can hardly keep itself afloat; the exchequer is empty, and the markets are flooded with depreciated paper-money. It is curious to compare the state of the people in Italy and Austria. The limits of these notes will not allow me space even to outline the difference; I can only say that the Adriatic sea-board cities of the east, Trieste, for instance, who, remembering their Venetian origin, would prefer the House of Savoy to the House of Hapsburg, had far better remain as they are.

The fact is, whilst we are talking shallow commonplaces in England about the separation of Church and State, and droning over little household differences reckless of the enemy thundering at the door, the politics of every great nation in Europe are at this present moment directly influenced, and in many cases guided, by the religious question. I need hardly instance England, where, as the saying is, the Pope lately turned out a government, and I have spoken of France and Italy. The anti-Jesuit excitement in Prussia has extended to Poland, and will presently extend to Austria, where the Concordat is dead and buried, and to Hungary, where, even in the *cafés chantants* of Pesth, priests are travestied and ridiculed by the "poor player."

Switzerland has openly rebelled against the Roman Curia. What is at the bottom of the Carlist movement in Spain? Even Russia and Greece are engaged in a brotherly quarrel of no small animosity; and Turkey is torn by intestine disputes between Christians and Christians, Moslems and Moslems, when in the early century the question was only between Turk and Nazarene. It is not astonishing that the timid and those who presage evil both look forward to one of the fiercest wars in human history, imminently impending.

The only change in the population of Rome is the mixture of the rude and energetic Northern Italians, already half "barbarian," with the kindly and courteous race of the South. You know these Italian foreigners by their rough jostling in the street and in the station; by their never knowing the right side of a *trottoir*, and by their loud and unmusical jargon. Yet they are admitted to be the best soldiers in the country, and all over South America the Piedmontese makes a fortune when the Neapolitan remains a *facchino*. In the Campo dei Fiori you still see the broad-brimmed and gold-necklaced *contadina* with white napkin on her head, originally used as a porter's pad, with stays outside, and her feet protected by the primitive *cioccie* sandals. She looks more at home here than the high-shouldered, huge-waisted, and bluchered specimen of womanhood who, yoke on shoulders, hawks her milk and water about London. Her husband, in narrow-brimmed sugar-loaf felt, Robinson-Crusoe trousers of goat-skin, leather gaiters connecting hobnails and brigand's cloak of grey or blue homespun, is at any rate more picturesque than our Hodge, whose waggoner's hat and smock-frock appear so much out of place in the streets of a capital. Not a few of these men, especially beyond the walls, where wooden cages defend you from buffaloes and half-wild cattle, ride rough little nags with hairy fetlocks; they are well at home in their padded saddles, with cruppers and poitrails to match; and the

skill displayed in handling their long spear-like goads suggests that they would make good light cavalry. The boys still get excited over their *morra* (*diminutio digitorum*), and keep up their reputation for that lust of gambling which in southern countries takes the place of hard drinking in the "moral north." The flower-girls are a pest, but not so bad as in Florence. The boot-blackening brigade is intrusive and demonstrative as Sierra Leone negroes: wear a pair of white cloth shoes or leather boots of natural colour, and you will find something to study in their faces and their language. The plague of beggars is perhaps worse than in London, and has abated nothing since the days when I was called a "brutta creatura d'Iddio"—an ugly creature of God—for advising coppers to be given to them instead of silver. We again see the wondrous contrast of wealth and misery so familiar at home—the incongruity of new churches decked with costly and splendid marbles, whilst whining *Por-dioseros* display their deformities on the steps, and teach babes in arms to stretch out the hand. Here, however, beggary is the deliberate choice of pure Bohemianism, for no man need lack a meal and a bed. Amongst the Maronites of the higher Libanus respectable house-masters and their families will flock down to Bayrut and invoke the traveller's charity. In this, however, there is a sub-superstitious idea of following the path pointed out by Jesus and His apostles. This Italian beggary is simply a form of the Egyptian *bakhshish* projected northwards: it is a tax which the poor man has a right to levy upon his rich brother. It belongs essentially to the land where you say "Allah increase thy weal!" not "Thank you!" where everything comes from the Creator, nothing from the creature; and consequently where all that is yours is also after a fashion mine.

The Englishman first visiting this historic city is astonished at the contrast between report and actuality, fame and development: accustomed to his huge

wilderness of brick at home, he feels himself cramped, as if he were in a country town. Presently he grows to the state of things, and he becomes a "Nero of the Neri," ultra-conservative. One of these "Inglezi Italianati" was scandalized because I spoke of draining the Campagna—'twould be such a pity to change its desert *cachet*! A third waxed almost violent when he heard of tramways in Rome—did it ever strike him that the R.R. 'bus is more like the carriage than the latter is like the *biga* or the *quadriga*? So to please these retrogrades the Romans would have to exclude every modern comfort of a European city, simply because it would not be picturesque.

And Rome as she now stands simply wants everything but gas. Whilst other nations and their capitals have progressed, she has been sleeping—sleeping in the sun—like Barbarossa, who still sits slumbering amongst the enchanted hills.

Compare the Vienna of the present day, the gorgeous metropolis, with the little *hof* which existed even up to 1860, the head-quarter village girt round by its *ring-mauer*. But at Rome, men who remember as far back as 1830 find most of the quarters absolutely *in statu quo ante*. Take, for instance, British Rome, which is bounded north by the Piazza del Popolo, south by the Piazza Miguanelli, east by the Pincian hill and the Trinità dei Monti, and west by the Corso; and whose *arx*, or stronghold, is the Piazza di Spagna; with the exception of a few sesquipedalian letters in gold sprawling over the walls, and a few alluding to the newly-invented art and mystery of photography, what is there changed? Still you find the old institutions, the red-volumed folks flocking in and out of Lowe the grocer's, Piale the librarian's, Spithöver the stationer's, and so forth. The state of life is drowsy as Bernini's old font-shaped fountain (*della Navaccia*) that plays drearily in the dreary square. The "Church of England" is not ashamed to *afficher* herself when compelled like a

pariah or leper to lie outside the walls amongst the 'busses and the butchers—*proh pudor!* Really, let me ask, was Cromwell the *ultimus Romanorum*? Again, in the Ghetto, the local rag-fair, what progress is there, except that the Hebrew grandees have moved out of it to palaces and suburban villas? And the whole Trastevere, is it not as foul and graveolent as of yore?

Rome, the capital of Italy, and, as the experience of history shows, far more liable to be attacked than even Paris, absolutely has no fortifications except the patchwork of old walls which a falconet could breach. How long is this to last? Inside there is not a sign of flagged *trottoir* except in the Corso and scattered about detached streets; you must tread upon a *pavé* of small uneven blocks, an *opus Alexandrinum*, which seems intended to enrich the pedicure. Asphalt, which is creeping through Pesth, is unknown except to a few hundred yards about the Piazza Navona. And where are the tramways which render locomotion so easy to the middle classes at Vienna? Romanticus replies—when rage permits—that the streets are too narrow for these latter-day abominations. Then why not adopt the sensible plan of Brazilian Rio de Janeiro, and let the pointed finger on the wall denote the only direction allowed to the driver? I know of no modern city where street railways would be more economically or usefully laid down than in Rome; only you must prolong the Corso into the Foro Romano by knocking away the mass of corruption about the Via Marforio. The three main thoroughfares radiating from the Piazza del Popolo, especially when a broad embankment shall run down the left bank of the Tiber, seem built with a prospective eye to tramways. I suppose one must not speak of churches, but we surely long to see a few of the 360 cleared away: let us specify the S. Bonaventura Convent on the Palatine Hill; the SS. Cosmo e Damiano, which deforms the old temple, and the ugly pile of Sta. Francesca Romana, which

has taken the place of Venus and Rome.

During the whole of the last generation, Italy perforce confined her studies to politics, and was compelled to throw everything else overboard. We all know the effect of this style of excitement upon the Irishman, who in the course of half a century has become a moody and melancholy man; his wit and humour survive only in books, and economy rules with a rod of iron where profuse hospitality used to prevail. Under the influence of politics, Italy has lost even her pre-eminence in art. The rooms in the Vatican which offer for sale the pictures by modern painters make you hurry through in shame, feeling that your eyes cannot wholesomely rest upon their rainbow tints. Artists there are in abundance, chiefly, however, foreigners, Americans and English; but art, which you see in every bit of scenery around you, apparently cannot be reproduced. The *kunst-sentiment* is dead, or asleep, as in Greece. Even mechanical art has rapidly declined. The cameos and the mosaics which our mothers wore are no longer to be bought; like the good old shawls of England, their place is taken by a lower article at a higher price.

But Italy will now bid a temporary adieu to the exclusive cultivation of politics, and will return to the normal business of human life—how best to live. She has nobly dared and grandly done: it is to be hoped that success will not turn her mobile head. When she cried in 1848, "*L'arte de la guerra presto s'impara*," the host of field-marshal's smiled with some pity and more contempt. When she proclaimed to the world, "*L'Italia farà da sa*," statesmen listened with a polite incredulity. She persisted, however; she *did* learn war, and she *did* help herself, and struck her own swashing blow. Then the nations believed in her, for nothing succeeds like success. And after realizing the vision which Dante saw through the gloom of five hundred years, she is again turning to the realities of existence.

She is pushing her commerce far and wide over the East, and taking high rank amongst European nations even in distant Japan. Already, after a few years of existence, the Royal Geographical Society of Italy, under my excellent and energetic friend, the Commendatore Cristoforo Negri, numbers nearly as many names as that of Great Britain. Presently she will have a newspaper. Curious to say, there is nothing that deserves the name of a first-rate periodical throughout the length and breadth of Italy, haunted as she still is by the politic ghost.

Meanwhile Rome still vegetates—*elle vivote*—upon art and commerce. The latter is chiefly represented by “doing” the stranger—by *pelare la quaglia*. The hotel-keeper, the cicerone, *et hoc genus omne*, flourish. There is also a stout competition in the matter of counterfeits, and of course there is a brisk trade in “holy things,” images, crucifixes, and rosaries, blessed by his Holiness. The Roman shop is a study. I know of only one establishment which might decently appear in a European capital—Maglieri’s, Via Condotti, Corso. The rest remind me of their humble origin—the hole in the wall which Cairo still possesses; and the glass cases hung out every morning and taken in every evening are worthy of a country town in Essex at the end of the last century. Of art I have spoken; you can still buy everything from a bit of old bronze to porphyry models of the ruined temples. Of antiques it is only necessary to say, avoid them, like the Damascus blade at Damascus and the Egyptian Scarabæus in Egypt.

III. THE HYGIENIC TREATMENT OF THE TIBER.

The first glance at the Tiber bed, deeply encased as it is in banks thirty feet high, convinces the potamologist that it must be a most troublesome stream.

The large quantity of silt suspended in the yellow water raises the sole by

slow but certain deposition. The swirl is so great, that north of the Porta del Popolo a columnar inscription cautions unwary swimmers; and thus the banks are undermined and fall. There are two large and many small bends to check the regular current required to carry off a sudden and violent access. In places the bed narrows till the stream at all times flows like a sluice; for instance, about the Ponte Sisto (Janiculum Bridge) and the ruins of the Sublician. Finally, there are the large sand-banks near the Acqua Acetosa and the Isola di S. Bartolomeo (the ship of Æsculapius), which break the river into two, and which cause sensible retardation. Hence the chronic flooding of the Pantheon; the destructive deluge of December 1870 still marked upon the walls of the Corso and elsewhere; and the immense loss of life and property which history, especially in the seventh, the eighth, and the fourteenth centuries, scores down to the account of the imperial stream. And in such matters history will inevitably repeat herself.

For these evils there is absolutely but one efficient remedy. It has often been proposed; indeed, I am told that during the last eighteen months it has been heard of in “the city.” It has always been approved of, and after the fashion of other mundane things, after being labelled “highly advisable,” it has been placed upon the shelf with due honour. The immense impetus which must presently be given to Rome cannot fail again to bring it on the *tapis*, and whether this time it escape from the realm of limbo or not, the good intention cannot fail eventually to be carried out.

The panacea in question is simply the diversion of the Tiber. The vehicle will be a relieving channel upon the same principle as, but upon a much larger scale than, that which Florence has dug in the left bank of the Arno.

As a cursory inspection of the map proves, there is no room for such diversion on the right or western bank. Here the Tor di Quinto, the Monte Mario, the Vatican, the Janiculum, and the Monte

Verde, form a continuous line of embankments, and although the land behind them may be, as it usually is, upon a lower level than the river-bed, the cost of cuttings, of locks, and of other works at the offset and the inlet of the canal, would be fatal obstacles to the project.

It is not the same with the left or eastern bank, where, by going sufficiently high up the stream, it is easy to secure a sufficient fall. At this point, above the Rome and Florence Railway, would be an embankment, provided with gates and sluices in order to control the action of the new channel, and, by a barrage across the Tiber, the same power would be exerted over the main stream. Hence it would cross the Anio or Teverone Valley, which is well defined as that of the Tiber itself; with the same scarped sides, and the warts or tumuli rising from the sole. (I may here mention that the historic Mons Sacer is a mere section of the ancient right bank of geological days, rising opposite the Nomentan Bridge.) It would then traverse the course of the Fosso della Maranella, which rises south-east of the Porta Furba, and which, after running from south to north, falls into the left bank of the Anio. Here all the difficulties end. A short cut from east to west strikes the valley of the Maranna, and another, but a shorter, falls into the Almo, or Cafarella, on a line with the second milestone of the Via Latina, or Frascati road. Thence it would pass down the old course, where the two conspicuous cliff-faces, one small, the other large and close to the great Pauline Basilica, define the form of the ancient river-valley. About this part the Tiber bends sharply to the west, and here the canal, sweeping gently to the south-east, would by an embankment with gates and sluices convert the old channel into a port connected by a tramway with the heart of Rome. And thus we should secure efficient drainage for the rich Prati di S. Paolo, a copy of the Prati di Acqua Acetosa to the north; their malaria at present compels even

the most seasoned monks to remove during the summer and autumn.

An English engineer, who shall be nameless, proposes a curious up-stream and up-hill scheme. He would let the waters of the Tiber into the valley of the Anio or Teverone, which, as I have said, is perfectly well defined by side buttresses and natural earthworks, and above the Nomentan Bridge he would strike up the equally well-marked course of the Fosso della Maranella. I need hardly point out the enormous expense necessary to turn a stream from north to south and indeed the only way to account for such a project coming from a man of education, is the fact that it was suggested by the inspection of a map to one who had never seen the ground. This is undoubtedly an excellent prescription for doing away with a good name.

The gates and sluices of the relieving channel would readily enable the engineer to clean out the Tiber bed, and by deepening it to neutralize the danger of smaller inundations. Thus, too, the sides would be prepared for a river embankment, which, being the first necessity for riverine towns, appears generally to be the feature last thought of. Yet even the Thames will probably be embanked before the end of the present century, by a race which, if not always sure, is certainly always slow. The Tiber is now bordered by rubbish heaps and foul dwelling-places, except the strip of quay to the north-east, called the Ripetta, and a similar feature to the south-west, La Ripa, where the voice of the English sailor sounded in past centuries. Presently we shall expect to see it with the *καλὴ ἀκρὴ*, the *pulchrum litus* of classical days, prolonged down both sides. Finally, after cleaning the Tiber of mud and the deposits of ages, it would be easy to make it an ornamental stream, with banks three miles long, the most pleasant of promenades.

The idea of laying dry the Tiber bed is enough to make the antiquarian mouth water. Imagine the treasures which its

waves must veil : these hoards of past ages would suffice to store the museums of all Europe. What a list of valuables sunk under its brown waters and browner mud might be drawn up from the annals of the past ! It is enough to mention one—the seven-branched candelabrum of massive gold from the Temple of Jerusalem, which fell from the bridge when Maxentius was put to flight by Constantine.

The insulation of Rome would doubtless tend greatly to diminish the terrible malaria of the Eastern Campagna. Drainage to the new channel would be facilitated, and by subsidiary works, the home of Tertiana, Quartana and all the fell sisterhood of fever would after a time be converted into one of the most salubrious and productive districts of the Romagna, environs right worthy of the greatness of Rome, past and present. In 1874, the rich land lies fallow, bearing grass without cattle to graze it down. It is admitted that with improved drainage and irrigation some 311,550 hectares could be placed under the plough, and that the widely-scattered farmsteads could be centupled. The increased value

of this wide area would counterbalance the expenses of the works, and by draining without and building within the walls, Rome will silence the voice which is still proposing Florence as the seat of empire. The Holy City is not so much the capital of Italy as the capital of Europe, and consequently the capital of the civilized world.

In these days, when the Suez Canal converts Africa into an island, when similar works are proposed for the Isthmus of Panama, for the neck of Corinth, and even for Southern England, from the Bristol Channel to the Solent, and from the Solent to the Thames ; and, finally, when it is seriously contemplated to make another and a Southern Mediterranean of Northern and Saharan Africa, this plan for insulating Rome can hardly appear extravagant. And in considering the expense, it may be observed that such works are carried out in Italy with more economy than in most parts of the world : labour is abundant, wages are cheap, and perhaps detachments from the several *corps d'armée* might be utilized.

RICHARD F. BURTON, F.R.G.S.

ON THE EXTRACT FROM AN OLD PLAY IN "HAMLET,"

ACT II. SC. 2.

MALONE was of opinion that this speech might have been taken from "Dido, Queen of Carthage," written by Marlow and Nash. When Steevens discovered their play he showed that this was a mistake. But it is strange that no one has since observed the intimate connection that exists between that play and the subject of this short essay. One of the scenes in it (Act ii. sc. 1) contains "Æneas' tale to Dido," and this tale includes the portion "where he speaks of Priam's slaughter." Shakspeare could not have deliberately determined to treat of the same subject as a conspicuous part of a well-known play without intending to invite comparison between the treatment he had used and that of his predecessor. But he is not content with this; he tells us that the speech was taken from "an excellent play; never acted, or not above once: for it pleased not the million." In spite of this, Dryden and Pope agree that Shakspeare meant this speech to be bombastic, and an object of ridicule; in which opinion they are cordially supported by Steevens. They were, however, completely refuted by Warburton, who showed—from the commendation bestowed by Hamlet, from the character of the speech itself, and from the effect it produced on those who heard it—that it was intended by Shakspeare to be approved and praised; and that the parts of it deemed most bombastic were paralleled in other plays of his where he evidently aimed at the sublime. Malone, Boswell, and others have supported this view; and Ritson has gone so far as to say that in his opinion these lines were extracted from some play which Shakspeare at an early period had either produced or projected on the story of

Dido and Æneas. This is very near the true view, I think. But before enunciating that let us look a little into Marlow's play and examine its construction. It was finished by Nash, after Marlow's death in 1593, and published in 1594. It is for the most part written in Marlow's style, with some minor interpolations by Nash. These I shall not enumerate here, as I wish to confine the reader's attention to Act ii. sc. 1.

In this scene, which is far the weakest in the play, and does least to advance the plot, there are several peculiarities:—

1. Priamus is used for the name of the king of Troy eight times, Priam three times only. Elsewhere in the play the form Priam is used exclusively.

2. The name Alexander is given to Helen's lover; in other parts of this play, and in Marlow's other works, he is called Paris.

3. At the end of Æneas' tale there is a stage direction, *Exeunt omnes*, although Ascanius remains on the stage and talks to Venus and Cupid, who then come in. This double ending to a scene implies double authorship, or one author working at two distinct times. It is a common phenomenon; in Shakspeare, for instance, we find it in *Troilus and Cressida*, and in *Macbeth*.

4. The whole of the scene is inferior in workmanship, in characterization, in theatrical requirements, in poetical power. All the "Æneas' tale" part could be cut out and not missed.

This scene then, for the above reasons, is unlike Marlow's work in the rest of the play; it is equally unlike the other plays of his writing. We may confidently assign the greater part of it to Nash, if not the whole. But it was in 1594 that Shakspeare revised the

Henry VI. in which Marlow had written a great part, and he might naturally expect to have the revision of this play also committed to him. He was, for other reasons given by me elsewhere, on indifferent terms with Nash at this time. What could be more likely than that he should write a scene or a portion of one to show how much better he would have done the editing of the play? He chooses, naturally enough, that scene in which Nash has shown the greatest weakness, and writes as nearly in the Marlow rhythm as he can. For it is noticeable that in spite of all that has been said as to the influence that Green, Peele, and Marlow *must* have had on Shakspeare's style, that in his very earliest works he breaks away from their system of metre, and that in the whole of his plays there is not a trace of the "mighty line" of Marlow except in this instance, which, even if written early, was not published till his best and maturest time. By published I do not mean printed, but made known in any way publicly. I hold then that the object which Shakspeare had in view in introducing this speech into *Hamlet* was to expose the weakness of his opponent Nash as a playwright, and to utilize a piece of work which he had lying idle by him. When he wrote *Hamlet* he seems to have been just entering into that cynical state which has been noted by Hallam as a characteristic of his third period. His directly personal allusions to the children of St. Paul's, to the tragedians of the city, to the inhibition of city playhouses, all savour of this cynical character, and agree with the interpretation which I give to this scene as being filled throughout with personal and satirical allusions. I am further confirmed in this view by the probability that Shakspeare had just been altering *The Taming of the Shrew*, which was most likely in its original shape a play of Marlow's: this occupation would recall his dead friend to his mind, and predispose him to be hostile to Nash; partly from recollection of Nash's having completed the *Dido*, partly from remembering his

old sneers about leaving the trade of *Noverint* and affording whole *Hamlets* or handfuls of tragical speeches. This he could hardly fail to call to mind when writing his play on the very subject of the old one alluded to by Nash, which I cannot help thinking Shakspeare must have had somehow to do with by way of alteration or addition, or something of that kind.

But on this argument, based as it is on another supposition which is not admitted to be proven, although I hold it to be so, no stress shall be laid. On the following I trust I may more strongly rely. In the inscription written by Gabriel Harvey in his copy of Speght's "Chaucer," no play but *Hamlet* is mentioned with commendation. He says: "The younger sort take much delight in Shakspeare's *Venus* and *Adonis*; but his *Lucrece*, and his tragedy of *Hamlet*, *Prince of Denmark*, have it in them to please the wiser sort." Why should he pick out this play from the score that must have been performed before that was written? Why but because this was the only play of Shakspeare's in which he found anything that could gratify his personal spite against an enemy—against a special enemy: the one who had so completely baffled him in all the controversial writings he had issued.

In considering this point it must not be forgotten that this speech is contained in the earliest form of the published *Hamlet*, so that it was an integral part of the play in its first state. This is important so far that when the revised *Hamlet* was produced, Nash was certainly no longer alive, and Shakspeare was not the man to insult over a dead enemy. On the other hand, if there is truth in my theory, it will go far to confirm what I am confident of on other grounds, that the first printed form of *Hamlet* is a surreptitious and mutilated production pirated by a dishonest publisher, and by no means, as it is sometimes considered to be, a complete first draught from Shakspeare's hand. For this speech would certainly not, on that hypothesis, have been produced in the imperfect

state in which it appears in the first quarto.

We will now compare some parts of the tale of Æneas as told by Shakspeare and by Nash, with a view to show that they are really rival productions.

Nash describes Pyrrhus thus :

'At last came Pyrrhus, fell, and full of ire,
His harness dropping blood, and on his spear
The mangled head of Priam's youngest son.
And after him his band of myrmidons
With balls of wildfire in their murderous
paws,
Which made the funeral flame which burnt
fair Troy.'

Shakspeare's is more expanded :

"The rugged Pyrrhus, he whose sable arms
Black as his purpose did the night resemble,
When he lay couched in the ominous horse,
Hath now his dread and black complexion
smeared
With heraldry more dismal : head to foot
Now is he total gules : horribly tricked
With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters,
sons.
Baked and impasted with the parching
streaks
That lend a tyrannous and a damned light
To their lord's murder : roasted in wrath
and fire
And thus o'ersized with coagulate gore,
With eyes like carbuncles."

Nash gives this narrative of Priam's death :

"And at Jove's altar finding Priamus,
About whose withered neck hung Hecuba
Folding his hand in hers, and jointly both
Beating their breasts and falling on the
ground ;
He with his falchion's point raised up at
once,
And with Megera's eyes stared in their face
Threatening a thousand deaths at every
glance.

Not moved at all, but smiling at his tears,
The butcher while his hands were yet held
up,
Treading upon his breast, struck off his
hands.
At which the frantic queen leapt on his
face
And in his eyelids hanging by the nails
A little while prolonged her husband's life.
At last the soldiers pulled her by the heels
And swung her howling in the empty air,
Which sent an echo to the wounded king
Whereat he lifted up his bed-ridden limbs,
And would have grappled with Achilles' son
Forgetting both his strength and want of
hands :

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Which he disdain'd whist his sword about
And with the wind thereof the king fell
down ;
Then from the navel to the throat at once
He ripped old Priam."

Shakspeare writes thus :

"The hellish Pyrrhus
Old grandsire Priam seeks : anon he finds
him
Striking too short at Greeks : his antique
sword,
Rebellious to his arm, lies where it falls
Repugnant to command : unequal matcht
Pyrrhus at Priam drives ; in rage strikes
wide :
But with the whiff and wind of his fell sword
The unnerv'd father falls."

That these passages were written in direct rivalry is manifest : the superior power and excellence of the Shakspeare portions is equally manifest ; and when we remember that the splendid simile of the storm and the description of Hecuba are also in the Shakspeare speech, it is impossible to imagine that he meant these lines for mere bombast. I do not quote the Hecuba part as there is nothing corresponding to it in Nash, and it is in everyone's hands. The finest bit in Nash is the picture of Pyrrhus :—

"So leaning on his sword he stood stone still
Viewing the fire wherewith rich Ilion burnt ;
and this Shakspeare has capped with—

"So as a painted tyrant Pyrrhus stood
And, like a neutral to his will and matter,
Did nothing.
But as we often see against some storm
A silence in the heavens, the rack stand still,
The bold winds speechless, and the orb below
As hush as death, anon the dreadful thunder
Doth rend the region : so after Pyrrhus'
pause
A roused vengeance sets him new a-work."

There is a moral certainty that these passages are competitors for popular favour. Just as Turner in his first periods deliberately painted for comparison with the then esteemed landscapists, so did Shakspeare deliberately choose in some instances to write his plays on the same "platforms" as his predecessors—as it were, challenging their pre-eminence. We see this clearly in *Measure for Measure*, *King John*, *King Lear*, *Henry IV.*, *Henry V.*, and *The Taming of the Shrew* (*Petruchio and Katherine*) when

we compare them with their antecessors. It was probably the case also in *Romeo and Juliet*, *Hamlet*, *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, *Troilus and Cressida*, *Henry VIII.*, and *Julius Caesar*. In this speech he has not only built on another's platform, but imitated the antique style of Marlow; he challenges competition with Nash in matter and manner; and if the two attempts be placed side by side, as Turner's and Claude's are in our National Gallery, there can be no doubt as to which is the superior. The only point that makes one doubt in the matter is Hamlet's assertion that the whole play had been written. But this appears to be, on careful examination, a necessity of the situation. Hamlet could not expect the players to know any scenes except in complete plays. On all grounds alike, then, I hold that this scene was written by Shakspeare in 1594,

as a supplement to Marlow's unfinished play, in competition with Nash, and that it was introduced by him into the first draught of *Hamlet* in 1601 or thereabouts.

But if this be the case, what becomes of the theories of Schlegel and other æsthetic critics as to the necessity Shakspeare was under of writing this scene in stilted blank verse in order to differentiate it from the rest of the play? Are they worthless? By no means. Only instead of saying that Shakspeare wrote it in this form on purpose to contrast it with his usual style, we must say he felt that it would "come right" if he inserted it in this place, and therefore did so insert it: he worked unconsciously, and left us petty critics to peep about under the legs of the Colossus to examine his proportions and find them perfect.

F. G. FLEAY.

OUR OLDEST MS. AND WHO MUTILATED IT.

WHETHER Sir Duffus Hardy regrets having had the championship of the Utrecht Psalter thrust upon him or not, posterity can scarce fail to be grateful to him for having promoted a general search for specimens of the earliest manuscripts at home and abroad, and a careful comparison of their characteristics. At all events, it is only due to him to state, that he has proved the means of bringing to light a Bodleian MS. in much closer proximity to the date of its contents, and, if at all, hardly less venerable for its antiquity, than the Alexandrine Codex of the Scriptures in the British Museum. It is the earliest MS. extant of the earliest Latin version of the canons of the code of the Church, ending with those of the fourth General Council in A.D. 450. This document was presented to the Bodleian by Henry Justellus, a French Protestant and refugee, who died librarian to King William III., and who received from Oxford in return for the gift a D.C.L. degree. It had belonged to his father Christopher, whose religion and country were the same, and whose "Code of the Canons of the Universal Church, confirmed by the Emperor Justinian," published A.D. 1610, created about as much excitement amongst canonists as the circulation of the Scriptures in the vernacular had created amongst men in general a century before, besides actually revealing the ideal under which the French bishops had petitioned at the Council of Trent to be allowed to live. "I am of opinion," said the Cardinal of Lorraine, speaking in their name (11th November, 1563), "that the ancient canons, long since forgotten, should be put in use, and observed by us again, as far as possible, particularly those of the first four General Councils; and I desire that this our collective sentence be entered on the Acts in due form." Now here is the Code contain-

ing them, unmixed and unalloyed, in large letters! It may be read in English, accurately condensed, in Part II. of Johnson's *Vade Mecum*, lately reprinted, where the pertinent remark occurs that "not one of these canons was made in the Latin Church, or drawn up in that tongue."

It was published by C. Justellus in Greek, with a Latin version of his own. But he had by him two remarkable MSS. of the two earliest versions of it in Latin: one by Dionysius Exiguus, the well-known author, in the sixth century, of our system of dating events from the birth of Christ; the other called "ancient" by Dionysius himself, in comparison with his own, and which his own was both made and destined to supersede. Both MSS. are now in the Bodleian, and are well worth comparing, not merely for their paleography—which is of the finest, and in one case, perhaps, unique—but still more for their contents. For, in reality, the latter has never been printed. The Dionysian version contains 165 canons, which the author says he had before him in Greek, numbered consecutively, but assigned to Councils as follows:—20 Nicene (A.D. 325), 24 Ancyran and 14 Neo-Cæsarean (both A.D. 314), 20 Gangran (A.D. 325), 25 Antiochian (A.D. 341), 59 Laodicean (A.D. 364), and 3 Constantinopolitan (A.D. 381). These make the 165. Then follow 27 passed at the Council of Chalcedon (A.D. 450), and translated from the Greek like the rest, though not continuously numbered. And with them, he declares in the most positive terms, the Greek canons terminate. It will be observed that in this series the Nicene canons alone, which are placed first, deviate from their chronological order. Dionysius, with a view of improving his collection, prefaces it with 50 so-called Apostolic

Canons, which he says he translated also from the Greek; and appends to it 21 Sardican (A.D. 347) and 138 African (A.D. 419), "quæ Latine sunt edita"—to use his own words. This MS. is in one volume quarto, bound in calf. That of the "Prisca Versio" is in three volumes quarto, but very much thinner, bound in white vellum. It is of this MS. alone—called "ancient" by Dionysius Exiguus—of part of it more particularly, and of the shameful outrage perpetrated on it by somebody, most of all, that I am about to speak. As each volume has "Bibliothecæ Christophori Justelli," written by himself, on its first page, they must have been so divided when he had them, if not before, for their contents are distinct; and of the first and third volumes, all that need be said is, that one contains part of the African canons, and the other part of the sixth "action" of the Council of Ephesus, both transcribed in the same character all through, and probably by the same hand, as the contents of the second volume. The contents of the second volume are thus given at its commencement in a modern hand similar to, yet obviously different from, that of Justellus—"Hæc collectio continet canones conciliorum Ancyran, Neocaesariensis, Nicæni, Gangrensis, Antiocheni, Constantinopolitani, Calchedonensis." I italicize this statement for reasons that will appear presently. The text of this MS. from first to last is in uncials, or rounded capitals, usually of the same size; but with some letters—the Y notably—projecting above the others; and occasionally a larger capital, with an attempt at ornamentation at the beginning of a paragraph. The special headings are in smaller uncials, sometimes with only the first letter, sometimes all, rubricated. The principal headings, which are throughout in rustic capitals, are sometimes rubricated, and sometimes not, and the same with regard to the numbers, which are throughout Roman.

The arrangement is in single column throughout, except the subscriptions, which are in double column. The

words in the text are not separated in general, and the lines run into each other; but now and then a square dot separates two words. This holds good of the rubricated parts also, though in the principal headings there is at times a dot between every word. Here and there seeming attempts at punctuation occur; in most cases at the end of a sentence. The letter Y is never dotted. Abbreviations seem dictated by convenience rather than system; sometimes a mere final M is thrown up, which the line will not hold. Sometimes the same word is abbreviated differently, or written in full, according to the space that can be spared for it. We have thus "incipit," and "inc." or "inep." with straight lines above them, in close proximity. In the numbers above V and X, the first I is in general much taller than any that follow. In the commencing pages the V is written to look like U. But in the text U always takes the place of V, and often occurs for O. Thus "epistula" for "epistola." There is but one drawing in the whole MS., where a little rubricated bird does duty for the central and left strokes of the letter A. Here and there we have capitals at the commencement of a line roughly ornamented; and on each side of the words "Confessio Fidei," forming a heading to the Nicene Creed, is a small Maltese cross. Justellus, in the edition of his preface printed by Migne, speaks of the Dionysian version as having been published by him "ex vetusto cod. Ms. Bibl. nostræ." But of this he says, "Antiquior altera, nondum edita, cujus *pervetustum*, exemplar Ms. penes nos habemus, litteris majusculis exaratum, quod ævi sui notam indicat." Still, even he described it inadequately. For his son Henry, in publishing it, having stated that a duplicate of it, used by Sirmondus, was to be seen at the Vatican, his merciless critics the Ballerini, about a century later, with all the archives of the Vatican at their command, searched everywhere for it without success; avowing at the end of their researches, with singular candour, that the MS. of their opponent

deserved to be placed in a first class by itself—"cui nullum aliud simile invenire *uspiam* licuit." I pass no opinion upon its palæography; but its contents alone show that it must have been written shortly after the termination of the fourth Council: viz. between A.D. 450 and 500. This I hope to make clear at some future time.

As I stated, the credit of having brought it to light rests with Sir D. Hardy. I merely requested to be furnished with specimens of our oldest MSS., and was kindly supplied with this among others. But having a work in hand on which it seemed calculated to throw light, it very soon received my undivided attention. And the first thing I discovered was that the contents of Part II. had been mis-stated at its commencement. Still worse mis-statements occur in the printed preface of Justellus the younger. Secondly, towards the middle of the volume, seven leaves had been deliberately removed with a sharp instrument, and the four which came last replaced by being advanced three steps, so that the first four gaps are filled up as if to divert attention from what has really gone. But at the top of the first of the replaced leaves is written in Roman capitals, over something that has been erased, "*Sardicensis concilii fragmenta*," under which immediately follows the 14th Sardican canon, and the rest in order to the last, which is numbered 20, leaving part of the third and all the fourth leaf for the subscriptions, which commence therefrom, and terminate naturally with the fourth leaf. The next page begins with the Gangran canons, while the page preceding the first of the replaced leaves ends abruptly with subscriptions to the Nicene Council, of which the concluding ones have disappeared; so that it is clear, in spite of the clumsy pains taken to conceal it, that the three leaves which were removed, and have not been replaced, contained the concluding subscriptions to the Nicene Council, and the first thirteen Sardican canons. Thus, contrary to what is stated at its com-

mencement, the Nicene canons were in this MS. followed immediately, not by the Gangran, but by the Sardican. And on this hangs a tale of untold importance, involving no less than the fabric of the Papacy. With nothing but the words of the printed preface to them to guide me—"Maxima pars Sardicensium, cum postremâ parte subscriptionum concilii Niceni, injuriâ temporum periere"—which are wilfully misleading, I thought it hopeless to attempt more than to make the best of what remained.

After much consideration, I was led, by the obvious bearing of what remained on the controversy between Pope Zosimus and the African bishops about the famous canon authorizing legates *a latere* to be sent from Rome, to conclude that the missing leaves must have been removed by some friend of the Papacy, which of course Justellus was not. Let me recall what took place, though it is tolerably well known. Apiarius, a priest of the African Church, having been deposed by his bishop for immorality, crossed the sea and laid his case before Pope Zosimus. He was favourably received, and the Pope sent over legates into Africa to rehear it, A.D. 418, quoting, for the information of all whom it might concern, what he called a Nicene canon to warrant this course. The legates found a Council of Bishops—S. Augustine among them—sitting at Carthage; which Council, after hearing all they had to say, replied that there was no such canon in the African copies of the Nicene canons, but that they would send to Constantinople and Alexandria for authentic copies, and be guided by their contents. Copies arrived in due time, but the inquiry lasted three years; by which time not only Zosimus but his immediate successor were dead. The Africans, therefore, communicated its results to a third Pope—Celestine I., by declaring, not only that no such canon existed in the authentic copies sent them any more than in their own; but, what was a different thing altogether, that "they could find it defined in no council of the Fathers, that any

should be sent, as it were, from the side of the Pope," to try causes away from Rome. There the matter rested, as far as they were concerned; but when Dionysius Exiguus published his collection in the next century, the canon quoted to them as Nicene by Zosimus appeared in it as the seventh Sardican. And the question was, whether it had been miscalled by Zosimus in ignorance, or with full purpose? In ignorance, said the Gallicans and Ultramontanes, Jesuits and Jansenists, with one mouth; for a sort of instinct told them it was nothing less than the key of their position that was at stake. Taking the same view of it myself, I turned over the MS. eagerly, to see whether in what remained any light was thrown on this point.

Zosimus, it was affirmed, had committed a very pardonable mistake, supposing that the only canons then known to the Church of Rome, besides the Nicene, were the Sardican, and that in the Code then in use by the Roman Church, they followed the Nicene consecutively, without further title. "A probable conjecture enough," said De Marca, who had commenced life as a lawyer, with a touch of irony, "could authority be shown for it in some ancient MS. which has not yet been discovered." Many were the researches made to supply this deficiency. Quesnel, the Jansenist, as he was afterwards called, was the first to come forward with a MS. in which this arrangement was observed, and which he therefore felt emboldened to publish under a title which it had never borne before — "Codex Canonum Ecclesie Romanæ." But the title proved its ruin. It contained a host of things later than the Sardican and Nicene canons; and Coustans, the learned Benedictine, who discredited it on this and other grounds, was able to refer to three MSS., containing as many collections distinct from it, that had the Sardican and Nicene canons similarly confused. Coustans, however, must have been perplexed in turn, at being unable to fix a date for his own MSS.

earlier than the ninth century. For, having dilated in glowing terms on the contents and capacities, even in those times, of the papal archives, *escriptoires* (*scrinia*) and muniment rooms (*chartaria*), he ends by avowing his conviction that they contained no Code, — in other words, that the Roman Church as yet possessed no Code of its own. "No code of its own!" exclaimed the representatives of the Roman school, who keenly criticised every word that fell both from him and Quesnel; yet had to confess that all their endeavours to discover it had proved abortive, and while referring to a number of MSS. in which the Sardican and Nicene canons figured under the same title, shrank from saying anything about their date, and still more from giving any of them to the world entire. There was just one such MS. indeed, of which they thought they might venture to print part — MS. Vatican. Reg. 1997. This may be described as a bolder gloss on the "Prisca Versio," than the "Prisca Versio" itself is on the original. There is the same preface to the Nicene creed which is found in the "Prisca Versio." The creed comes next: a loose paraphrase — not a translation — of the canons follows, under 26 heads instead of 20; yet, even then, the last canon appears nowhere. But what is the most noticeable by far is, that the printed copy stops short just where the Sardican canons should commence, so that the chief point of interest — the junction between them and the Nicene — is withheld, and we have to take what the Ballerini choose to tell us of it, as well as of the canons which follow, on trust. The upshot of it all is, that the hypothesis of a Code being used by Pope Zosimus and his successors, consisting of the Sardican and Nicene canons combined in one, remains still where it was when De Marca desiderated its proof from some ancient MS. And this made me scrutinize what the thief had omitted to take with redoubled care. Briefly stated, what this part of the MS. contained, when entire, were — *a*, 24 Ancyran canons; *b*, 24 Neo-

Cæsarean; *c*, 21 Nicene; *d*, 20 Sardican; *e*, 20 Gangran; *f*, 25 Antiochian; *g*, 27 Chalcedonian; and *h*, 5 Constantinopolitan; all in separate sets, in each case in the order in which I have given them, and followed by the subscriptions. It soon appeared therefore, that, as often happens, the thief had only succeeded in abstracting the signet-ring, and some loose cash, while the jewel-case had escaped his notice. By the jewel-case, I mean the Nicene canons in a form that could not be gainsaid. "Incipiunt constituta canonum sanctorum Patrum qui apud Nicæam sunt congregati." Such was its commencement. Afterwards on the same page:—"Incipiunt capitula Nicæni concilii." Their headings, marked 1—21, follow. Then, at their close, but in bad grammar, on the same page:—"Explicit capitula Nicæni concilii." At the top of the other side of the same page:—"Incipit prefatio Nicæni concilii." This fancy preface consists of 12 lines in verse. Another of about the same length, in prose—with a further gloss of one line—precedes the creed, which is in turn followed on the same page by canon 1. After canon 21, which ends on one side of a page, the other side begins:—"Et subscripserunt Osius episcopus civitatis Cortubensis," &c., down to where the missing leaves commence. This is irrefragable proof of the complete separation of the Nicene canons from those which preceded, and from those which followed them in this MS. Similarly, from the replaced leaves exhibiting the Sardican canons in regular order from the 14th, with which they commence, to the 20th, followed by the subscriptions, with which they finish, it is equally certain, that what have disappeared cannot have been continued from the Nicene, but must have started from a canon 1 of their own. Nothing in any preface or title to them which has been abstracted can have modified these phenomena, though it may have made the inference to be drawn from them doubly conclusive. All this I conceived told against the apologists of Pope Zosimus

and their hypothesis with crushing force, instead of confirming it; this being the oldest MS. of the oldest collection of canons in Latin known. Nor was this all by any means. It is more than probable, though not absolutely certain, that this MS., previously to its mutilation, took his case out of their hands, and branded him *beyond* apology.

I have already bespoken attention to the full meaning of the African reply to Pope Celestine. They told him not merely what they had found, but what they had not found. They *had* found that the canon quoted by him was not a Nicene canon, but they could *not* find any council of the fathers in which any such canon had passed. Let me just pause to recall how much is involved in this. The African Church was not a Greek, but a Latin-speaking Church: nor was any Church in Europe just then better conversant with every description of Latin literature. Further, unless what we have been told of the council of Sardica is false—which is a question apart—Africa was represented there by no less a person than the Bishop of Carthage—its metropolis. This same metropolitan again, unless the council also said to have been held under him at home the year following, is spurious, recommended one of the canons proposed there by saying that it agreed with a canon which he could remember having been decreed at Sardica. Barely seventy years had elapsed from then, when the legates of Zosimus arrived; and what is more, when they arrived they found the African Church in full synod engaged in codifying the canons of all its own councils up to then. Yet, this Church, after full inquiry spread over three years, did by the mouth of another metropolitan of Carthage and his suffragans, of whom St. Augustine was one, make final answer to the Pope that in no council of the fathers could they find it defined that he should despatch legates *a latere* to try causes away from Rome, as was authorized in the canon alleged by him. Now, I maintain it is more than probable that this MS., when entire,

settled that question ; because we find from what remains of it that it gave to the council of Sardica but 20 canons instead of 21, the number assigned to it by Dionysius ; and comparing the canons which still remain there with his, we see that they correspond in every respect but one ; viz., that his are regularly one number in advance. What is 14 in this MS. is 15 with him, and the same to the end ; where his 21st is the 20th of this MS. Now, do not let me be told that there are different versions of these canons in both Greek and Latin ; that some canons are found in the Greek versions which are not found in the Latin ; that a different arrangement is found in some, and different numberings in most. I am not concerned with any versions of them, but the two which I am here contrasting. The Ballerini themselves have published from later MS. an edition in full of the "*Prisca Versio*," and anybody who will be at the pains of comparing it with that of Dionysius will see that the canons themselves, their numbering and arrangement, are the same in both. And this makes it incontestable, unless their editors have played us false, that the later MSS. of the "*Prisca Versio*," no less than that of Dionysius, contain one more canon than this older MS., and as pages have been removed *dishonestly* from this MS., to conceal where the discrepancy lay, I claim the right of assuming, till the contrary can be proved, as *morally* certain, that the canon wanting in this MS., and interpolated in later MSS. of the same version, as well as in that of Dionysius, is that canon which Pope Zosimus quoted to the Africans, and which the Africans, after three years' search, replied in full council that they could find nowhere defined.

So much for Pope Zosimus and his legatine canon, that has ruled and deluded Christendom for so many centuries. On these grounds I came to the conclusion that the hand which mutilated this MS. must have been friendly to his successors. I still adhere to this opinion in spite of a dis-

covery since made, which I proceed to relate : but I would willingly be proved in error to have so much apparent blackness cleared up. There are four acts in this piece, and the *dramatis personæ* pass, all of them, for celebrities in their way. 1. Peter de Marca, who was educated for, and practised at the bar, but died Archbishop of Paris. His great work, of which the first part appeared A.D. 1641, was as acceptable to the French Court as it was displeasing to the Vatican. It was not all published during his lifetime ; but it had not all been out a year when it was placed on the *Index*, and each time that he was promoted—to the see of Conserans A.D. 1642, to that of Toulouse A.D. 1652, to that of Paris A.D. 1661—endless delays ensued, owing to his having been called upon to retract or explain something he had written, before the necessary bulls could be obtained from Rome. "Baluze, son historien et son apologiste," say the editors of the *Biographie Universelle*, "paraît croire aussi que sa sincérité n'était pas entière, et qu'il entraînait beaucoup de calcul dans les opinions qu'il professait." 2. Stephen Baluze (born 1630) was thirty-six years younger than De Marca, and, as he tells us, personally unknown to him till A.D. 1656, though for the next six years he rarely quitted his side. What student of ecclesiastical or medieval literature can be sufficiently grateful to him for his conscientious and laborious contributions to both ? 3. Christopher Justellus, whose prefaces and notes to the three codes of canons published by him, attest his learning and discernment, and are far from impeaching his candour. He died A.D. 1649. 4. His son, Henry, who, with William Voel, of the Sorbonne, reproduced his father's works in a work entitled "*Bibliotheca Juris Canonici Veteris*," in two volumes, A.D. 1661, where the "*Prisca Versio*" was printed for the first time, and, as has been said, most unfaithfully, with whomsoever the blame may lie. 5. and 6. Peter and Jerome Ballerini, two learned brothers, celebrated for their theological and historical works, pub-

lished at Rome or Verona, foremost of which is their edition of the works of S. Leo, with an appendix of documents and dissertations on canon law. This appeared in the pontificate of Benedict XIV. (A.D. 1740—58), to whom it was dedicated.

I. "A probable conjecture enough, if authority could be shown for it in some ancient MS. which has not yet been discovered," was De Marca's comment on the Niceno-Sardican hypothesis. Being expressed in c. 16 of B. vii. of his great work, it was not published till after his death. Baluze tells us, in a marginal note, that De Marca was at that time unacquainted with this MS. of Justellus. But Baluze makes a strange slip here: for in c. 4 of his third book, published when Baluze was but eleven years old, De Marca speaks of the MS. in a way that shows he must have been acquainted with it. He there says of it, "in quo descripti sunt, post ceteros, canones XXVII Concilii Chalcedonensis:" and bestows a high compliment on its possessor by calling him "vir de antiquitate canonicâ optime meritis." Baluze remarks on this passage likewise, but it is evident that it perplexed him, and that he could make nothing of it. C. Justellus was alive when this compliment was paid him, and for eight years after—almost the whole period that elapsed between the nomination of De Marca to the see of Conserans and his consecration, owing to the *tracasseries* in which his book involved him with Rome; but he died the year after De Marca became bishop, leaving his oldest MS. unpublished. Some years subsequently, Baluze says, when De Marca was Visitor-General in Spain, viz. in the spring of 1660, the last of his archbishopric of Toulouse, he composed his well-known dissertation, "De Veteribus Collectionibus Canonum," *this MS. being still unpublished*, but in which, strange to say it figures as treasure trove. Two collections, he tells us at starting, had recently been brought to light, which the Roman Church at various times used: one before, the other after, the

Council of Chalcedon. Before the Council of Chalcedon, the Roman Church was governed solely by the Nicene canons, under which head the Sardican were also comprised: whence the latter were miscalled Nicene by Zosimus and his successor. And then follows a passage which, as I have not yet done rubbing my eyes over, I will extract as it stands. "*Occasio hujus hallucinationis alia non est, præter collectionem canonum quam solam eâ tempestate in scriniis suis habebat ecclesia Romana: cujus nos exemplar in vetustissimo codice MS. vidimus beneficio Christophori Justelli, claræ memoriæ viri, et antiquitatum ecclesiasticarum curiosi exploratoris: qui, licet communionis Calvinianæ partis sequeretur, sincerè se gerebat in eruendis e situ veterum monumentis ad rem canonicam exornandam. In eâ collectione, hoc erat lemma: canones Nicæni. Deinde sequebatur series quadraginta canonum numeris suis distinctorum: quorum priores viginti erant veri et genuini Nicænæ synodi, reliqui artem viginti continebant canones unum et viginti concilii Sardicensis, duobus capitibus in unum compactis: nullâ interim mentione factâ hujus concilii Sardicensis. Non dubitandum, quin statim post editionem adjecti fuerint canones illi Sardicenses priori collectioni, consequentibus numeris, sub antiquo titulo. Illud autem, an fato acciderit, vel per incuriam, an vero datâ operâ ut major esset horum canonum auctoritas, prudentis esto judicium.*" This work, it is to be observed, was not published during his lifetime, *why*, we shall perhaps understand before long, as it was, of course, written for publication. Meanwhile, let me bespeak the closest attention to what I have italicised, relating to the personal character of Justellus, as well as to this his MS. As regards the MS. the Archbishop here deposes to having inspected it himself, and then describes it as exhibiting the code which he says was used by the Roman Church previously to the Council of Chalcedon, and had only the Sardican and Nicene canons combined in one.

This MS. it is which is now lying open before me to speak for itself. Accordingly, say I must of its description by him, that every word of it is false, with the exception of what I cannot prove false, merely because some thief has been beforehand with me, but which I believe to be so for other reasons. It is false—1. that this MS. contains a collection of Sardican and Nicene canons only; 2. that it begins with the Nicene, or ends with the Sardican; 3. that it contains any series of forty canons, *numeris suis distinctorum*; 4. that the Sardican canons were added to the original collection, *consequentibus numeris*; 5. taking into account what he had said of this MS. in another work before quoted, it is false, lastly, that twenty-seven Chalcedonian canons either follow next after the Sardican, or end this collection.

All I cannot absolutely prove false, because the pages are gone, is—1. That the Sardican canons followed the Nicene, *sub antiquo titulo*: but as they certainly do not follow them in consecutive numbers, and as the canons of every council in all other cases are kept distinct, and have their own titles, as well as their own numberings, I must believe this to have been so with the Sardican, whose title-page has been abstracted; and, 2ndly, as to the Sardican canons being here reckoned twenty, because two canons have been merged in one, no such case occurs certainly between the fourteenth and twentieth, still preserved in this MS.; nor is any such case pointed out between canons one and fourteen of the printed edition of the "Prisca Versio," by the Ballerini, though they notice the omission of another canon favourable to the Pope in a later MS., where the numberings are the same. What explanation of so gross a perversion of truth by so learned a writer, and so distinguished a man, can be given, based either on facts or probabilities? At first I thought he must be describing a different MS. of Justellus which has since disappeared.

II. In endeavouring to unravel this,

I stumbled on a still worse case. The Ballerini, when engaged in pulling a rival to pieces, had no object in sparing De Marca, whose views were similar. Accordingly, this is what they say in commenting on the first chapter of Quesnel's 12th Dissertation:—"Hæc perstringunt Petrum de Marca, qui prius in *Concordiâ*, dein in *Opusculis* hunc duplicem Romanæ ecclesiæ codicem excogitavit. *Primus est ille codex MS. ex quo non multo post Priscam Versionem canonum Voellus et Justellus ediderunt*. Alter est codex genuinus monasterii Rivipullensis in Hispaniâ. *Sed etsi hos codices vidit Petrus de Marca, non tamen accuratè expendit; unde nil mirum, si de iisdem inconsultè minus vera tradidit*." Here was proof positive, not merely that the MS. lying before me was the one thus untruthfully described by him, but that the Ballerini were perfectly cognisant that he had so described it. For, though they apologise for him by saying that he had not examined it accurately, they admit that he had stated of it "things that were not true." What apology, then, can be made for them: who being both perfectly cognisant of this—for the comment runs in their joint names—adduce these statements of his in another place, knowing them to be false, to prop up the Niceno-Sardican hypothesis, which they had embraced themselves with all the energy that a drowning man clutches a straw, without so much as a hint of any kind that they contained so much as a word that was not wholly true? I would extract the passage, if it admitted of any doubt. It occurs in § 13, c. 1, Pt. II., of their *Diss. de Ant. Coll.* Nor would it be described unfairly by saying that it out-herods Herod.

III. Judging from the high opinion which the archbishop expresses of Justellus, whenever he has occasion to speak of him, and taking into account that he was shown this MS., the inference surely would be that, even if not acquainted personally, they communicated as confidentially with each other as their respective situations in those times allowed. But, again, there is this

further fact, that Justellus died forty years after his earliest publication on canon law, leaving this his choicest and in many respects unique MS. unpublished. Had De Marca been the means of staying its publication, apprehensive that it might compromise not merely the Ultramontane, but the Gallican hypothesis, too? This struck me forcibly, before lighting upon the next *dénouement*, which of the two rather intensified than abated my suspicions. De Marca, we were told by Baluze, composed the work falsely describing this MS. in the spring of 1660, and in Spain. He had barely returned to Toulouse, when the news reached him of the MS. being in the course of publication by the younger Justellus. What followed I must endeavour, as it covers some space, to translate faithfully from Baluze, who places it beyond doubt from what he says that he had never seen the MS. himself, so that, though personally present at the scene he describes, he speaks of the MS. on the faith of what he had learnt from another. What is italicised will prove both. In § 10—13, then, of his preface to the smaller works of De Marca, published after his death, he says:—

“Mention having been made by him in the work just described of that most ancient collection belonging to that most learned man C. Justellus, in which the Sardican canons followed in *consecutive numbers* after the Nicene: and that collection having been published about twenty years since, I feel bound to give the history of that edition, as it has not hitherto been told at all, nor could it be told truly by any besides myself.

“When those very distinguished men, W. Voel and H. Justellus, the son of Christopher, the first a Parisian divine, the other a supporter of the Calvinistic dogma, had resolved to publish in one collected form the various codes of canons formerly brought out by Christopher, and to add to them some more not as yet printed, especially the Latin collection which they had in that most ancient MS. belonging to C. Justellus—and when De Marca, then living at Tou-

louse, learnt that their edition was in the press, the thought crossed his mind, which turned out correct, that the Sardican canons were possibly going to be suppressed in it, Christopher having in the fervour of youth cut them out with a knife, and removed them to the end of the book, on account of their immediately following after the Nicene. Accordingly, writing thereon to the then illustrious Chancellor of France, Peter Seguier, he begged the publication of their work might be delayed till he could himself be in Paris. On his arrival there, 25th September, 1660, when the printer urged the issue of a work already completed, Voel and Justellus could only procure leave for it from the Chancellor on condition of their rendering an account of their work to De Marca. They were not, of course, long in coming to him, and with them L. H. F. Espéscœus, Abbot of S. Peter's, Vienne, lately deceased, in whose house Voel lived. At first the matter was discussed with considerable warmth, Voel and Justellus storming and contending that *two old parchment leaves*, containing fragments of the Sardican canons, which had been removed to the end of the volume, never formed part of this MS.; especially as it was clear that *no less than five leaves* were wanting after the Nicene canons, and but two were found in that place. At length, when this heat had subsided, and it appeared that these leaves were of the same size, date, margin, and character as the rest; and the lines, and I might almost say the words, necessary to supply the five pages that were wanting of the Nicene subscriptions and Sardican canons having been counted and compared with the Binian edition of the same in 1618, it had become clearer than daylight that those two remaining leaves of what had been cut out ought to be replaced consecutively after the Nicene Council, especially as De Marca testified that it had formerly been so told him by Christopher, who confessed that he had cut them out as a youth from impulse rather than on any rational ground: it was agreed between them that these frag-

ments should be published, and that the following preface, traced by De Marca with his own hand, should be placed in front of the volume.

"The reader is to be admonished that by carelessness of the scribe, from whose copy purporting to be a faithful transcript of the MS. this edition was made, it has come to pass that the Sardican canons have not been placed in their proper place, that is, after the Nicene. This obliged the editors, when engaged in revising their edition, and comparing it with the MS. anew, to repair that omission by adding here, in front of the collection, those Sardican canons which are still preserved in that MS. where, after the subscriptions to the Nicene Council, and before the Gangran canons, several leaves are wanting, which have perished from age; but the two which still remain, and begin with the 14th and go down regularly to the 19th, are, by desire of the editors, exhibited here in good faith.

"However, it fell out otherwise. For, having escaped on that occasion, they embarked in another way of settling this dispute unknown to De Marca. They replaced the Sardican canons after the Nicene, adding a preface, in which they declared they had done this from reason, rather than from any suggestion or necessity drawn from the MS. itself. They stated, accordingly, that the greater part of the Sardican canons, with the latter part of the subscriptions to the Nicene Council, had been destroyed by time. Then they add:—'The remaining fragments, however, of the Sardican Council we have placed after the Nicene: the probability being that the author of this collection was guided, not by the rank of the Councils, but by the chronological order therein.' Thus they refer the whole to probability: though it had been shown and told them that those leaves in which the latter part of the subscriptions to the Nicene Council and several of the Sardican canons were contained, had been forcibly removed thence by Christopher, when a young man, lest Catholics should gain the benefit of prescription against here-

tics from that most ancient MS. for the dignity and authority of those canons. They should have said, agreeably with what had been covenanted and agreed, that those canons having been left out in their proper place, were now restored.

"Now, that nobody may be able to think that I fabricated this whole story gratis myself, and that no trace of it is to be found elsewhere, let me declare publicly that I was present at all this examination and dispute, that I have by me the short preface above given, and that De Marca mentioned the affair in letters which on another occasion he wrote to Pope Alexander VII. and to Luke Holstein. I will extract his words in the former of these:—'Justellus, the father, likewise a supporter of the Calvinistic heresy, formerly published the Code of the canons of the Universal Church, from which the Sardican canons, asserting in express terms the power of the Roman pontiff, were left out on purpose, as though they had been by the judgment of the Universal Church rescinded from the body of the canons. With equal fraud the son, just before my arrival in the city of Paris, sent to press a Latin collection of canons from a most ancient MS. not written within the last 900 years. The moment I found that the Sardican canons were not included in it, which I knew had been cut out of this MS. by Justellus the father, with the leaves, however, removed to the end of the volume, I desisted not till, partly by dint of threats of the royal power, partly by dint of the tenderest prayers, the Sardican canons were restored in the printed copy to their proper place after the Nicene, as they stood in the MS., lest, for lack of such diligence, heretics might triumph at the authority of these canons being scorned not merely by the Greeks, but by the Latins, and most of all by the Gallican Church.'

Baluze had no need to say a word of "the other occasion" on which these letters were written. They were written by their author to smooth his way to the see of Paris; and with what success may be learnt from what Alexander himself says in announcing his appoint-

ment to it, 5th June, 1662. "Nor do we doubt but that your virtue, zeal, and authority will prove most salutary in all the affairs of that see, particularly in extirpating the tares of Jansenism, encouraged, as you write, by the protracted non-residence of its former occupant." De Marca reconciled Innocent X. at last to his being Bishop of Conserans, by his tract "*De Singulari Primatu Petri*," which Baluze tells us pleased the Pope so much that he caused it to be read publicly. It appeared in June 1647, and within six months Conserans was his. With his translation to Paris *in petto*, he doubtless meditated propitiating Alexander VII. by another tract, in which this unpublished MS. was described as an "exemplar" of that earliest collection used by the Church of Rome, consisting of the Nicene and Sardican Canons under one head. Its publication would have the effect of taking the wind out of his sails, and he was thus upon another tack. Till then, Justellus was "*vir de antiquitate canonicâ optime meritis*," "*qui licet communionis Calvinianæ partis seque-retur, sincerè se gerebat in eruendis e situ veterum monumentis ad rem canonicam exornandam*." After that, the account given of him to the Pope was, that he had committed a *double fraud*: 1. By wilfully leaving out the Sardican Canons from the *Code of the Canons of the Universal Church*, his earliest publication; and 2. By cutting them out where they stood in his oldest MS., and then removing them to the end of the volume. Let us suppose both charges ever so true, were they then for the first time brought to his knowledge? Unless they were trumped up for the occasion, he clearly must have been cognisant of both, when he wrote Justellus a *sincere man*, and of *the highest merit as regards canon law*. But, again, supposing Justellus had cut them out, he had not destroyed them. There they were still at the end of the MS. whither he had removed them, and what Protestant could have wished them away? Certainly not one so sagacious and well-informed as Justellus in

mature years; seeing that although they had followed the Nicene, they were separated from them by the subscriptions to the Nicene Council, and had a distinct commencement and numbering of their own. Why, then, should De Marca have been at all apprehensive about their fate? If his story was correct, it was as certain that they were preserved as that they had been cut out. Had he not seen them where Justellus had placed them when he himself examined the MS.? True; but any publication of them in their entirety would have revealed that they never could have followed the Nicene, *consequentibus numeris*. Was this the point that really disquieted him? However, let us take him at his own word. He wanted them to be printed just as they had stood in the MS. Yet when he interviewed Voel and Justellus the younger, only two of them were forthcoming; and, according to Baluze, he never asked for the missing five, never insisted on search being made for them, never taxed anybody with having secreted or destroyed them, only bound the editors in the preface, traced with his own hand, to reproduce these two. There was a vast deal of talk and criticism expended on these two; yet, strange to say, no two of less importance could have been selected out of the whole seven. They were just intermediate leaves, that told no tales of the beginning or the end of the other five. The three which preceded them would have told us most; what the two which followed them could tell was something less even after reflection, but infinitely less obvious at first sight. This, then, was the actual outcome of that interview. The three first leaves were not produced, were not required, and are still missing; the two last leaves were not produced, were not required, but are still in the MS., though not printed with the other two. The two which are printed are the least important of the seven, and tell us least about the other five. Lastly, the statement about the other five, traced by De Marca with his own hand,

and imposed upon the editors under pains and penalties (as we learn from his letter to the Pope), viz., that the five missing leaves *vetustate perierunt*, had been destroyed by time, was studiously mendacious to the last degree. If De Marca is to be believed in anything, he had seen them in the MS., though not in their proper place, but a few years before. And as to their state, anybody may see this for himself in the two which are still preserved but not printed. Who cares to unravel the tissue further after this?

IV. One word as to the minor actors.

We can well suppose Baluze to have been present, but at a distant corner of the room, when all this passed between his principal, the abbot, and the two would-be publishers. He was still but a young man. From his repeating the fiction of "consecutive numbers," it is quite clear that he takes this on trust, and the jejune account he gives of the excised leaves tends to show that he could add nothing to it from personal observation. That they had been "destroyed by time" was the formal statement of his principal in requiring a public act, which he could not therefore have well challenged; but by giving that statement to posterity, he has left it as

transparent as could be desired. Voel and Justellus, having penalties hanging over their heads, may be excused for being parties to the transaction, as well as for printing but two leaves, when they had four, and letting the other three be lost. In taking on themselves to print them after the Nicene, where the MS. had them, and to declare in their preface their own belief that the author of the collection had placed them there for chronological reasons—about which there can be no sort of doubt—they probably went as far as they dared.

A system that is reared upon falsehoods can only be defended by lies, and it is a melancholy task indeed to have to drag to light its demoralizing effects upon such men as De Marca and the Ballerini; but the moral to be drawn from their case is unfortunately not special, but a general one—viz., that the surest way of getting on at Rome is not to flinch from telling lies in its interest; and the surest way of getting into trouble there is to be unflinching in telling the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, for the truth's sake.

EDMUND S. FOULKES.

THE GREVILLE JOURNALS.

THIS is in many respects a remarkable work; it is also an interesting one. It covers a space of nearly twenty years (from 1818 to 1837) of a very important period of English history. It is in one respect *unique*, for of the various English memoirs and diaries which have, during the present century, been given to the world, not one of the writers has stood in the same relative position to the members of opposite political parties which was held by the author of this one. No matter who was in or who was out, members of both sides—high and low—did not hesitate to communicate to Mr. Greville their hopes and their grievances; their views of the past, and their views for the future; trusting to his honour not to betray their secrets. And if Mr. Greville's accounts of his conversations be correct, as they probably are (at least as much as the reports of conversations can be), it is only due to him to admit that he not only does not appear to have used the confidences which were made to him so as (at the time they were made) to make mischief; but that he employed the information which he received in softening asperities, in reconciling opponents, and in promoting co-operation for the attainment of those ends which, in his view, would best promote the interests of their common country. Neither does he appear to have hesitated in giving full expression to his own opinions, however exalted might be the individual with whom he was conversing. Though neither a wit, nor a philosopher, nor a statesman, he possessed those powers of agreeable conversation, coupled with good sense, which made him a delightful companion, so that his society was always welcomed by his friends and acquaintances. The conversations which passed he was in the habit of recording in his journals, which he left to be given to the world, placing them in the hands of a gentleman who, as editor, has, after

a lapse of ten years from Mr. Greville's death, published the early portion of them.

"In accepting this trust" the editor describes himself as "undertaking a task and a duty of considerable responsibility." Assuredly in saying this he is guilty of no exaggeration. To publish the private confidential conversations of persons who are either now living, or who have relations and friends deeply interested in their fame, with comments on their opinions, their actions, and their motives, often of a very severe and bitter kind, is a task of "considerable responsibility." It is indeed one of the gravest and heaviest. It is true, perhaps, that something of this responsibility may be taken off his shoulders by the fact that Mr. Greville "himself had frequently revised them with great care;" and (marvellous to relate) it appears, from what the editor records, that he had "studiously omitted and erased passages relating to private persons or affairs which could only serve to gratify the love of idle gossip and scandal."

Proceeding to read the book with such an assurance as this, one is full of astonishment at the matter which it really contains. What must have been the nature of that private gossip and scandal, which it seems feelings of delicacy induced him to erase, when much of that which does appear is gossiping scandal of the very idlest description? Whether with regard to its nature, or to the way in which it was obtained, it ought (as bearing upon Mr. Greville's own reputation) never to have seen the light. The whole structure of the book is calculated to produce a very uneasy feeling of restraint in general society. With the distinguished man who now holds Mr. Greville's post, the members of both Cabinet and Opposition are safe. But though Sir Arthur Helps may keep no Journal, yet all men are not so loyal and honourable as he is, and if this

book remains uncensored by public opinion, no man can feel confident that the light conversation in which he may indulge may not be recorded in some one's diary, and that, years after, it may not appear in print for the public amusement, but to the extreme annoyance of himself if alive, or of his family if dead. What man who takes part in political affairs, or who holds a high position in the world, can feel easy, if his valet is to be questioned as to the details of his private life, and the man's responses are to be *diarized* at the moment, and published for the prurient gratification of a curious public, with bitter and offensive comments? For if a man had not the good fortune to agree with Mr. Greville, he is constantly set down as influenced by selfishness, blindness, folly, or maliciousness. Besides, many of the revelations made of the proceedings of the Privy Council which came to Mr. Greville's knowledge by means of the confidential post which he held as Clerk of the Council, seem in no way consistent with the oath which he must have taken when he first entered on the duties of his office. In short, all right-minded persons cannot but agree that a great deal of what the book contains is improperly and unjustifiably published.

Still, however, there is to be found in it matter of great interest, especially to those who are sufficiently old to remember and to have watched at the time the events with which it deals, and who were personally acquainted with the remarkable personages, who in those days chiefly attracted public attention to their proceedings.

Mr. Greville had, as he tells us in his opening sentence, "frequent opportunities of mixing in the society of celebrated men." He belonged to the *élite* of London society. That *élite*, in those days, was very different from what it is in these. At the period at which the diary was first begun, viz., the latter end of the Regency, the state of London society was almost as unlike that of the present day, as the old carriages and four and the comfortable wayside inns are to the first-class railway carriages and railway stations which now exist. There was no Court, for an occasional levee

held (not always) once a year, and a still rarer Drawing Room could hardly be dignified with the name. Society naturally cast about for something in its place. The regular weekly parties at Devonshire House did something to supply the vacuum, but not enough. Accordingly the London ladies set up the well-known Almack's balls, which lasted in their perfection through the reign of George IV. The admittance certainly was not extravagant, the subscription to three balls being only a guinea. Each patroness had a certain number of subscription tickets, and if the holder was unable to go to all three, the ticket for the night was returned to the lady who had issued it, who re-issued it to some friend who was too glad to give half a guinea for it. To these balls came the Ambassadors, the Cabinet Ministers, and all the magnates in town. The well-known room in King Street, St. James's, contained them easily. How many rooms of that size would now be required to contain members of the same class as those by whom that room was filled? The London of those days was, therefore, very different from the London of these. The rules were somewhat rigid. Every one who did not arrive before half-past eleven was excluded. At that hour a rope was drawn across at the top of the stairs, and no person, be he who he might, was allowed to pass. This reminds me of one night when, owing to pouring rain, the delay in setting down caused some hundred of the company to be too late; the rope was drawn at the appointed hour, and there they were congregated on the stairs and below. No entreaties could get the rope withdrawn, for Lady Londonderry, one of the patronesses, stood watching the men who held it, lest they should withdraw it. Lady Jersey (another patroness) having the arm of the Duke of Wellington, proceeded up the stairs; both ladies were armed with equal authority. There they were, one on each side of the rope, both vociferating, the one on the right side, "*Withdraw it if you dare*," the other on the wrong side, "*Keep it there at your peril*." The stairs were thronged with people of the highest rank, watching

eagerly which lady should prevail. At length the terrified men withdrew it, and Lady Jersey and the rest of the excluded triumphantly entered. Lady Londonderry indignantly retired, exclaiming, "Well, Lady Jersey, if you came in yourself you had no right to bring in your mob." Lady Jersey and the Duke of Wellington heading a mob!

But, to turn to graver matters, for the book deals with almost every subject, grave or gay, important or unimportant, which occupied men's minds during those twenty years. They are mingled together unsorted, passing from one subject to another in the same page, and that not in the order of time at which the events referred to happened to have occurred. Continuity on any one subject is not to be found. The book has been called a very valuable contribution to history; it really does not deserve the name—at least, as to the greater part. It consists chiefly of opinions given at the time mostly by eminent individuals on the events which constitute history—founded, however, on what *they supposed* those events actually to be. They resemble those examination papers which go by the name of *kakography*, which give wrong spellings to be corrected by the examinees, to try their knowledge of orthography, but which too often have the mischievous effect of afterwards raising in their minds doubts how the words ought to be correctly written. Every one knows that in writing, some hesitation occasionally arises about the spelling of a word, and that almost invariably the hesitator (as the best way out of his difficulty) writes it down, in order to see how it looks, thus trying to arrive at a right judgment. The eye ought never to be accustomed to see a word wrongly spelt.

And so with Mr. Greville's pages; they are curious—nay, valuable—as giving the opinions of important personages on passing events; but the events themselves are often so at variance with what they are supposed to be by those whose opinions on them are recorded, that it requires a laborious investigation into other documents in order to decide which of the events described are *orthographic* and

which *kakographic*. Of course there are hundreds of amusing anecdotes which throw some light on the characters of individuals, but how different are the views taken by different persons equally qualified to judge of the character of the same individual!

The state of England at the period when the memoirs commence was anything but satisfactory. The distress was considerable, and the incendiary orators, Messrs. Cobbett and Hunt, took advantage of it to incense the people against their rulers, more especially by giving exaggerated representations of what passed at the celebrated Manchester meeting, which, by the order of the magistrates, had been dispersed by the yeomanry. The event was dubbed by them, "The Manchester Massacre, or the Field of *Peterloo*." This, for many years after, was a standing grievance against the Tories; and I remember that when, after the death of William IV., I stood a contested election for Birmingham, the Attwood and Scholesfield committee put forth a placard, with about a dozen questions, each beginning with "Who was guilty of such and such an atrocity?" Answer, "The Tories." The last question on the list was, "Who were the authors of the horrid Manchester massacre?" Answer, "The Tories." When I got hold of this placard, I caused a *fac-simile* one to be printed, adding to it only this question with its answer, "Who was the member who proposed a vote of thanks to the magistrates for their conduct on that occasion?" Answer, "Lord Melbourne."¹ The walls were covered with it before the opposite party discovered that it was not their own. Some few hours elapsed before the discovery burst upon them. They then employed messengers in all directions to paste anything over it which should have the effect of hiding it from the public gaze.

Mr. Greville records in his first chapter the death of George III. and the alarming illness of George IV. immediately after his accession. "He had a bad cold at Brighton, for which he lost eighty ounces of blood, yet he afterwards had a severe

¹ Then Premier of the Reform Cabinet.

oppression, amounting almost to suffocation, on his chest. Halford was gone to Windsor, and left orders with Knighton not to bleed him again till his return. Knighton was afraid to bleed him, but Bloomfield sent for Tierney, who took upon himself to take fifty ounces from him—this gave him relief." Such is Mr. Greville's statement. Sir Matthew Tierney told me a somewhat different story, viz., that at a consultation of the physicians all but himself gave him over, and said nothing more could be done to save his life. On which Tierney said, "If that be the case, will you give me *carte blanche* to do what I like with him?" They replied, "Certainly." He then took from him an enormous quantity of blood, and the king recovered. The difference in these details is of slight importance, yet it serves to show how difficult it is even at the moment to arrive at the exact truth. The king never forgot the service which Dr. Tierney had rendered him; he made him his body physician, created him a baronet, and ever after treated him with the utmost kindness.

The great event of the new reign was the conversion of the Princess of Wales into the Queen of England. So much has been already published on that disastrous topic, especially in the recent life of Lord Denman, which goes a great way to reveal the counsels of what may be called "Her Majesty's Cabinet," that Mr. Greville's Diary upon this unfortunate affair states nothing which is not already known. It is clear that all parties were in the wrong. The king, who pressed his wishes too strongly; the ministers, whose conduct was injudicious, under any circumstances; the advisers of the queen—especially Mr. Brougham—who undoubtedly deceived the Ministers by the course which he pursued and betrayed them into the belief that she would not venture to return to England. On this notion their conduct was based. Thus everything served to bring about a combination of events, which, happening at a period of distress, sorely tried the monarchy. That the queen was innocent no one can reasonably maintain—neither that

the king was blameless—but it is a remarkable fact, which is highly creditable to the British people, that though they were ready to go almost all lengths in the queen's defence, so long as they thought that the queen was unjustly persecuted, yet almost immediately after the Bill of Pains and Penalties had been withdrawn, she ceased to be an object of their sympathy, as was shown when at the coronation she made her abortive attempt to enter Westminster Hall, where the procession to the Abbey was formed. If it had succeeded, it must have stopped the ceremony for that day, as the king would not have endured her presence, and there was no man to be found who would lay violent hands on the Queen of England and eject her by force. The danger, however, was averted by the Deputy Great Chamberlain, Mr. Dorset Fellowes. He was close by the doors of Westminster Hall—they were open—when he heard the shouts which heralded the queen's approach. Though without instructions, he had the presence of mind to order the doors to be closed, so that when the queen arrived at the door, leaning on the arm of Lord Hood, he firmly told her that her admission was impossible. After some struggling, finding it hopeless to enter, she retired. Then first she discovered the truth—that her popularity was gone. The populace took no part with her, and she returned home full of chagrin, which it is supposed materially contributed to bring about that illness to which she shortly afterwards succumbed.

At her funeral the government made a disastrous blunder. The executors wished the procession to go through the city. The government forbade it, and tried to turn it by force; shots were fired, lives lost, the mob triumphed, and through the city it went.

Debates on these proceedings took place in the House of Commons, but with all Mr. Brougham's classical lore, he never hit upon that quotation from Juvenal (relating to the fall of Sejanus, the favourite of Tiberius), so apt and so stinging—

"Curramus præcípites,
Et dum jacet in ripâ, calcemus Cæsaris hostem."

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In returning from the coronation, the king had a narrow escape of his life. Owing to the crowds in the streets, it was thought advisable to take his majesty by a roundabout way through the fields by the river, which are now covered with houses. He was escorted by his guards, and was taken over a certain bridge. When its owner heard that the king in his carriage had passed over it, he looked aghast. "Why," he exclaimed, "that bridge is most unsafe for any carriage, and has long been condemned. It is a mercy, indeed, that it did not break down with such a weight!"

The death of Queen Caroline, which occurred shortly after the coronation, relieved the king from much personal annoyance. Mr. Greville has a story with reference "to the circumstances connected with Mr. Canning's resignation at the time of the queen's trial, according to which his resignation was in consequence of a dispute between the king and his ministers as to the payment of the Milan Commission" (a commission sent out to inquire about the queen's conduct abroad). "The ministers wished the king to pay them, and he wished them to be defrayed by the government. Lord Londonderry, without the concurrence of his colleagues, promised that government should pay. This Canning could not endure, and resigned." It is true that there was such a dispute; but it is very certain that if there was, it had nothing whatever to do with Canning's resignation. It was not till all hope was gone that the prosecution would not be proceeded with, that Mr. Canning tendered his resignation to the king, having "made up his mind to take no part in the proceedings." At the earnest solicitation of his colleagues and his majesty, he, however, consented to remain in the cabinet during its progress, but retired to Paris, to be away from all appearance of interfering in the affair. On returning to England after the trial, "considering that the state of things to which his majesty's commands applied no longer existed," he deemed it his duty to tender his resignation (in December 1821). The king then accepted it. He parted with his minister with no friendly feelings, not

on account of the course which he himself had pursued, but in consequence of the course pursued in the House of Lords by some of his personal friends—a course which his majesty fancied (but erroneously) had been instigated by Mr. Canning. In the spring of 1822, Mr. Canning accepted the Governor-Generalship of India, and in the autumn of that year he was to have sailed for that destination. Whilst these arrangements held good, Lord Castlereagh (Londonderry), in a state of insanity, committed suicide, and the Foreign Secretaryship and the leadership of the House thus became vacant. Mr. Greville, in recording this event, gives a somewhat elaborate character of Lord Castlereagh. He describes, and I believe correctly and fairly, his admirable qualities for leading the House of Commons; that "he never spoke ill; that his speeches were replete with good sense and strong arguments, and though they seldom offered much to admire, they generally contained a great deal to be answered;" "that he was eminently possessed of the good taste, good humour, and agreeable manners, which are more requisite to make a good leader than eloquence, however brilliant." He blames him for "having associated this country with the members of the Holy Alliance, and mixed us up in the affairs of the Continent in a manner in which we had never been before, thereby entailing "on us endless negotiations and enormous expenses." In what those expenses consisted it is difficult to understand, but that this is a just estimate of the tendency of Lord Castlereagh's foreign policy cannot now be doubted. That he was "seduced by his vanity" into adopting it, and "that his head was turned by emperors, kings, and congresses," is, however, one of those imputations of motives in which Mr. Greville too often indulges, without sufficient grounds. The real great feature in Lord Castlereagh's administration, in which his head was certainly not turned by his dealings with monarchs, and to which Mr. Greville makes no reference, was his manly, judicious, and courageous conduct in keeping together and urging on the Allies in their

contest with Napoleon, which ended in the capture of Paris and the abdication at Fontainebleau. No one can have mastered the details of that conflict without being convinced that the British minister was the life and soul of the alliance, and that had it not been for the undaunted courage with which he sustained the failing hearts of the Allies, the defeat and fall of that mighty conqueror would not have been then accomplished. It is this period of his life which ought not to be ignored, for the services which he then rendered to his own country and the world were assuredly great enough to cover a multitude of sins.

Mr. Canning succeeded Lord Londonderry in both situations. All the particulars connected with this transaction have been fully explained in the Wellington Despatches, Professor Yonge's Life of Lord Liverpool, and other publications. The only additional fact which Mr. Greville records, is what passed at the Duke of Portland's at Welbeck, when Lord Liverpool, in making the offer of Lord Londonderry's entire succession, communicated the king's letter. Upon reading it, Mr. Canning is described as so "indignant" that he wrote to it an "indignant" reply. His friends, however, convinced him that he had taken a wrong view of his majesty's letter, and satisfied him that it was really "intended as an invitation to reconciliation, and contained nothing that could have been meant as offensive." So, accordingly, the angry reply was put into the fire, and another written, full of gratitude and acquiescence. No doubt the second view was the right one, but the story serves to show how sensitive Mr. Canning was lest temptations addressed to his ambition should imperil his honour as a statesman.

The first subject with which the Foreign Secretary had to deal, after he took the seals of office, was the Congress at Vienna, which ended in the French invasion of Spain, and the reinstatement in power of Ferdinand VII. Mr. Greville gives an interesting conversation which he had with the Duke of Wellington on this subject, by which it appears that Louis XVIII. and the other members of the

royal family were all against the invasion; but that they were drawn into it against their will, as too often happens on these occasions. They thought that France could not afford to recede from the false position to which she had advanced in asking the sanction of the Congress to an attack on Spain. If this be a correct version of their feelings and wishes of the French king it affords another example of that want of caution which statesmen are too apt to be guilty of when dealing with such momentous affairs. Mr. Canning of course laboured to prevent the invasion. He was then new in office, and he was not successful; but he gained an important point. He prevented the attack from being the corporate act of the Congress, and reduced it to a simple aggression on the part of France.

Mr. Greville mentions other remarks of the Duke which, considering they were made just half a century ago, are very curious, as being no less applicable to Spain of the present day, than to that of the time at which they were uttered. "There is," said the Duke, "no statesman in Spain. There are some eloquent men in the Cortes, particularly Arguelles and Toreno. Toreno is the ablest man, but he has injured his character by speculation. The state of Spain is such that the most turbulent and violent possess the greatest share of influence." Substituting other names, is not this now equally true?

From January 1823, to February 1826, there are only two entries, the first of which relates to the panic in the money market in December 1825. There is nothing to be found worthy of comment in the diary; but the editor has appended a note containing an extract from a pamphlet of Mr. Baring's (Lord Ashburton) in which Mr. Baring makes in reality an important, though at first sight apparently but a trivial, mistake. Mr. Baring says: "The gold of the Bank was drained to within a very few thousand pounds" (really 8,000*l.* coin) ". . . a certain Saturday night closed with nothing in hand worth mentioning." Now it was not on a Saturday but a Friday night that this event occurred. Had it been on a Saturday the danger would have been

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trifling, as the interval of a whole day would have afforded time to the Bank for recuperation; but the crisis occurred at the closing on *Friday* night, the Bank having to re-open at the usual hour the next morning. It was on that memorable *Friday* night, when the Cabinet sat till two in the morning (as I well remember), and had the courage to refuse its sanction to a suspension of cash payments, that the Rothschilds poured into the Bank 300,000*l.* coin. The Bank had upwards of a million of bullion in their coffers, and although coining went on unceasingly, yet at that period the Mint could not coin more than 200,000*l.* a week. In the course of the Saturday, coin came in from all quarters, so that the stoppage was averted. The error into which Mr. Baring has fallen is remarkable for so high an authority.

Mr. Greville devotes one short paragraph to Mr. Canning's celebrated speeches on the expedition to Portugal in December 1826. There is no more magnificent specimen of his oratory extant, and none which has made so strong an impression on men's minds. Princess Lieven, with whom Mr. Canning was on friendly terms, had never heard him speak, and had that evening procured the Speaker's admission to the ventilator of the House of Commons. This queer place afforded accommodation for only eight ladies—a very different state of things for the ladies of those days to what it is at present. No woman then was allowed to appear in the House of Commons. The ventilator was, in fact, a garret, into which, nevertheless, on great occasions ladies eagerly sought admission. When admitted they were locked in—and egress was only to be obtained by *influence* from without. That evening I took my place under the gallery, and, unfortunately for myself, had undertaken, at a particular hour, to use the external *influence*, which was to secure the Princess's release. When the hour came, Mr. Canning was in the midst of the very finest part of his speech (the war of principle), with which I am ashamed to say I was so absorbed that I forgot how time was passing. When, however, it came across me, and I went to

redeem my engagement, I was horrified to find the Princess in a state of much agitation. There was to be great a dinner at the Russian Embassy and her Excellency thought that she would be too late. She attacked me with a volley of reproaches, told me that I had ruined her, and went so far as to say, "*Mon mari me battra*"—nor did any of the very humble apologies which, of course, I made have any effect in pacifying her, as her reproaches continued till we reached the carriage. But no harm happened, and notwithstanding my delinquency, the Princess was equally civil to me afterwards.

It was during the last illness of the Duke of York (of which Mr. Greville gives full details) that the Portuguese expedition was sent by the government to Lisbon. The celerity with which it was prepared and despatched astonished everybody, and ill as his Royal Highness was, Mr. Canning always considered that it was mainly owing to the Duke's personal exertions that there was no delay. He threw his whole mind into it, he worked at it night and day, and such was the good order in which the office of Commander-in-Chief then was, that the expedition with the troops on board sailed into the harbour at Lisbon before news had arrived there that it had left the shores of England. Whatever faults of character might attach to the Duke of York, there can be no doubt but that in the post which he filled, he was a most able administrator. Mr. Greville was his intimate companion, and seems deeply to have felt his death.

Two months after the death of the Duke of York Lord Liverpool had an apoplectic stroke, from which he never recovered. On the events which succeeded (up to the formation of Mr. Canning's administration) Mr. Greville has a good deal to say, but it is mainly gossip, and like all gossip consists of such a medley of truth and falsehood as makes any attempt to separate the one from the other a rather unprofitable labour. His own opinions, and the opinions of others, which are often well worth considering, are here only opinions on supposed facts, and are not deductions from real facts as they actually occurred. There are quite sufficient

authentic documents in various publications which have been already given to the world to enable all who take an interest in these events to ascertain what really happened.

There is, however, one statement (p. 93, vol. i.) which is perhaps worth contradicting. He describes Mr. Canning as "disliked by the king" at the time when his majesty made him first minister. Now nothing is more certain than that the king not only got personally to like him, but had the greatest confidence in his management of the affairs of the empire. Ever since his majesty had been convinced, by the utter failure of the dismal prophecies which had been urged upon him, as to the consequences which would ensue from the adoption of Mr. Canning's policy, and that he had seen instead of discord between the British government and the great continental powers, better harmony sprang up between them, with this difference, that the latter were willing to follow the minister, instead of requiring him to follow them. The king's patriotism completely changed his feelings towards his minister, for whom, till the hour of his death, he entertained the most friendly feelings. This is assuredly the fact. Mr. Greville himself admits that the king had become equally satisfied with himself and Mr. Canning.

There is one more passage (written about this period) which deserves comment. It professes to record the opinions of the Duke of Wellington (given at a visit to Mr. Greville's mother's) which are so extraordinary that it throws a doubt upon Mr. Greville's capacity to record with accuracy any conversation.

The Duke said that Mr. Canning's "talents were astonishing, his compositions admirable; that he possessed the art of saying exactly what was necessary, and passing over those topics on which it was not advisable to touch; that his fertility and resources were inexhaustible. He thought him the finest speaker he had ever heard; though he prided himself extremely on his compositions he would patiently endure any criticisms upon such papers as he submitted for the consideration of the Cabinet, and would allow them

to be altered in any way that was suggested; he (the Duke) particularly had often cut and hacked his papers and Canning never made the least objection, but was always ready to adopt the suggestions of his colleagues." The Duke went on to say—"It was not so, however, in conversation and discussion. Any difference of opinion or dissent from his views threw him into ungovernable rage, and on such occasions he flew out with a violence which, the Duke said, compelled him to be silent that he might not be involved in bitter personal altercation."

Now, how are these two statements to be reconciled? In what possible way could the papers have been dealt with which Mr. Canning so good-naturedly allowed to be "altered," "except by conversation and discussion"? When his papers were "cut and hacked" was it that there was "no dissent from his views" on the part of the "cutter and hacker"? Why "cut and hack" papers which expressed "no difference of opinion nor dissent from the views" of those who desired their alteration? Mr. Greville, in short, makes the Duke talk most inconsistently. Blandly allowing "alteration in his papers," and "ungovernable rage at their dissent from his views" are two statements wholly incompatible with each other. The Duke is also reported to have said that Mr. Canning "was one of the idlest of men." Perhaps there never existed a statesman who was more indefatigable in the transaction of business. Go to him early in the morning, you found him either reading official papers, or, pen in hand, writing letters or despatches, working on with little intermission till a late dinner hour, when after the labours of the day he allowed himself relaxation and repose. Such being the real facts of the case, on what possible data could the Duke arrive at the conclusion that he was "the idlest of men"? It really is not credible that the Duke ever made any such assertion. If he knew nothing of Mr. Canning's habits, he would have hesitated to pronounce upon them; if he did know something about them he surely would never have given such an erroneous description of them. Mr. Greville himself

says (p. 106), "Such was Mr. Canning's industry that he never left a moment unemployed."

There is a curious error into which Mr. Greville falls, which his editor has not corrected. In two passages, he describes Louis Philippe as the descendant of Louis XIV., and, in one of them, accounts for his likeness to that monarch owing to his being his ancestor. But Louis Philippe was not a descendant of Louis XIV. He derived his descent from a brother of Louis XIV. who was a son of Louis XIII.

A singular coincidence must have occurred, if in another statement Mr. Greville be correct. He says that Lord Anglesey was thrown from his horse when passing the Duke of Orleans at a review—and so circumstantial is he, that he gives the observation which George IV. made on the event to Lord Anglesey at the ball that night. Now it is very certain that a precisely similar accident happened to the Duke of Wellington. His Grace, at the head of his regiment, in saluting the French Prince, had his bearskin cap blown off—in endeavouring to save it, he lost his balance and fell. He got up, remounted, just as if nothing had happened. How it fared with Lord Anglesey with his wooden leg does not appear; but it is a singular coincidence indeed if the same thing happened to two such distinguished officers in the British army.

The work indeed teems with endless mistakes and inconsistencies. There are very many pages in it where the assertions and the opinions are contradicted by the matter which is to be found in others. As history, or as a work throwing light on the facts of history, it is of very small value. As scandal, it may be, to some, amusing. As recording the gossip of the day, and the language of many of the most eminent of our public men, in their moments of *abandon*, it is interesting. Still it is quite inexplicable how a gentleman, "the two leading qualities of whose mind were," as his editor asserts, "the love of truth, and the love of justice," should deem it compatible with honour

and good faith to note down in his journals the most confidential and unguarded communications of his associates, and then hand them over to a friend, "merely remarking," in so doing, "that memoirs of that kind ought not in his opinion to be locked up until they had lost their principal interest by the death of all those who had taken any part in the events which they describe." Still more inexplicable is the following remark of the editor:—"The only omissions which I have thought it right to make are a few passages and expressions relating to persons and occurrences in private life, in which I have sought to publish nothing which could give pain or annoyance to persons still alive."

The inexplicability of this observation (to say nothing of its grammar) can only be fully appreciated by comparing it with the language in which Mr. Greville has permitted himself to indulge, and the painful stories which he relates of persons closely related to those now living. He has, in truth, scattered his censures with a lavish hand. The epithets "contemptible," "cowardly," "unfeeling," are applied to individuals of the highest position and character, whose conduct he represents as influenced by "selfishness or folly," and stories are not wanting of which a very small amount of good feeling and good taste would have dictated the suppression. Nevertheless, the editor assures his readers that he has "published nothing which can give pain and annoyance to persons still alive!"

It is, however, to be earnestly hoped (as there is yet a much larger portion of the Journals left to be printed) that public indignation will be sufficiently manifested, so as to give the editor a very different and far juster notion than he entertains at present as to what is and what is not calculated "to give pain and annoyance to persons now alive."

I postpone further observations to the next number.

A. G. STAPLETON.

LESSONS LEARNED IN THE EASTERN COUNTIES.

THE first real trial of strength between the National Agricultural Labourers' Union and landowners and farmers has been made in the Eastern Counties. It has, without doubt, ended in favour of the employers of labour. To those who are interested in the subject—and especially to those who are favourable to the principle of union in general, and also see no reason why this principle should not be as useful to agriculture as to any other business—it occurs seriously to inquire whether they may not have been mistaken in their views. Does the defeat of the Union in the Eastern Counties prove that union among agricultural labourers has done no good, is incapable of doing any, or that the good is so mixed up with evil, that union ought to be discouraged by those who have hitherto advocated it with a single eye to the improvement of the condition of the labourers and to the advantage of the nation at large? These questions were to a certain extent entertained and argued with great ability by Mr. Wilson in these columns in September last. I gratefully acknowledge the too flattering terms in which Mr. Wilson was kind enough to refer to my part in this matter. I agree also generally in many of the views which he has stated. There are some, however, of Mr. Wilson's views in which he will, I hope, pardon me for saying that I think he is mistaken. For instance, when in one place he states, "It appears to me that those who ground hopes of permanent advantage to the agricultural labourer in trades-unionism as such, are as likely to be deceived as the amiable and benevolent people who formerly thought that misery was to be averted from every rustic household by the Allotment System;" and in another place, "The

success of the labourers' combination does not seem to me that assured thing which many people declare it to be"—Mr. Wilson appears to me to assume a far too desponding attitude. Such ideas are likely to prove such a serious discouragement to the movement, that though perhaps I have already done so too frequently in these columns, I shall be very glad to be again permitted to express my views on the subject. My purpose is to inquire what good union has already done to the agricultural labourer; why it has not done more good; in what way it is most capable of combining the most good with the least evil; and what are the lessons to be drawn from the struggle between labour and capital in the Eastern Counties.

Union amongst agricultural labourers undoubtedly received a severe check in the Eastern Counties. Still it was only a check. And any one who flatters himself that the principle of union, or even that particular development of it which is embodied in the National Agricultural Labourers' Union, has received anything like a death-blow, is wonderfully mistaken. In the Eastern Counties themselves the ranks of the Union have no doubt been considerably thinned. Emigration has effected a considerable diminution in the number of members. Not a few possibly have been starved into giving up their ticket—to be renewed in all probability on the first opportunity. Still in the county of Suffolk alone there are not at this moment, including Nationals and Federals, fewer than six or seven thousand labourers in union. In other parts of the country the struggle in the east has produced no unfavourable impression whatever. The confidence in the power of union is undiminished. In truth, it

is in the exchequer that the Union has chiefly suffered, and it must take some time and a very cautious policy to recruit the finances. But even supposing the farmers had succeeded more completely than they did, and hoped to do, in stamping out the Union, it must have been credited even during the very short period of its existence with a very considerable amount of benefit to the agricultural labourer. No one can deny, that, since its formation, wages have had a considerable rise in almost every direction. And, though it may be conceded that this is partly owing to the vaunted action of supply and demand, yet, on the other hand, the rise must have been in some measure owing to an apprehension on the part of employers as to what the action of union might effect, and a wise determination to anticipate a less favourable result by a moderate but timely and voluntary concession. But letting alone the rise in wages, union has done a great deal for the agricultural labourer. First of all it has roused him from a state of apathy and torpor almost amounting to insensibility; it has thrown a stone into the stagnant pool, which has stirred it up from the very bottom; it has quickened suddenly into life a mass which was all but dead. The eye has been opened and the mind enlarged. Attendance at local meetings; the formation of Branch Unions; the assumption of the responsibilities of secretaries and members of committees; the perseverance requisite to keep up the steam; the new channels opened through speeches, reports, and newspapers, for learning what is being done in other parts of the country and other kinds of handicraft; the sense of power inseparable from combination—all these instrumentalities have succeeded in turning the agricultural labourer inside out, and almost making a man of him. It is impossible to compare the whole class to-day with what it was before the Union was formed, and not acknowledge the great moral change wrought. Equally impossible it is to

ignore the vast change which the Union has wrought in public opinion. The condition of the agricultural labourer, from being no question at all, has suddenly started from nothing into prominence, and become almost the question of the day. Parliament and the press vie with each other in asserting this prominence. The services of special reporters are enlisted. Not only the Social Science Congress, to which such a subject seems peculiarly appropriate, but the British Association, an assembly of philosophers, does not consider the improvement of the condition of the agricultural labourer beneath its notice; and the Church Congress of 1873 placed it in the front of its discussions. Sanitary authorities, not before it is necessary, are proceeding to pronounce pigstyes unfit for human habitation. Landowners are acknowledging that the human animal requires to be housed at least as well as the horse and the cow. Is any one bold enough to say that all this stir would have been made had not the formation of the Union forced the subject into notice? If the Union, then, were dissolved to-morrow, agricultural labourers would still have to credit it with a large amount of benefit of a very permanent character. The stone would still continue to roll though the power which set it in motion were annihilated. The pool once stirred would never become stagnant again. The landowner would never again be permitted to ignore his responsibilities. The farmer would shrink from a return to the antiquated idea that labourers are worth less care than cattle. The labourer would never again be content with underpaid serfdom in a hovel. Public opinion once roused could not be silenced. Progress, the result of union, would be henceforth sure, even though the Union were dissolved. But with the Union at its back, neither stamped out nor likely to be stamped out, but speedily and temperately pushing it forward, progress will of course be much more rapid.

The Agricultural Labourers' Union,

then, must be credited with a large amount of good. Nevertheless the amount of good achieved might have been greater, and the admixture of evil less. The conduct of the labourers themselves has throughout been beyond all praise. Whether in the excitement of public meetings, or the pressure of great privations at home, or the stern necessity of abandoning home and country for a distant part of the old land, or a new land beyond the seas, the labourers have invariably not only respected the law, but behaved with such uniform moderation and good temper, as contrast most favourably with the violence which usually accompanied the uprisings of former times, and has won for them an amount of sympathy and support never before conceded. And though, in some instances, language more violent and abusive than wise and necessary has been used by the leaders of the movement, yet, due allowance being made for the necessity of some warmth in order to get up sufficient steam to achieve any great social change, as well as for the acknowledged difficulty of self-restraint in the middle of the excitement of a public meeting, no great fault need be found in this direction. But the case is altogether different as regards violent language levelled against clergy, landowners, and farmers, equally and alike, —against all, in short, who happen to think differently from those who abuse them, not hastily and inconsiderately spoken in the heat of public meetings, but week after week deliberately written and widely circulated in a paper which, though not officially recognised, is virtually the mouthpiece of the Union. Happily, there are many persons on whom such utterances have no effect. I am one of these. And, as I have many a time told the Devonshire farmers with reference to their hard speeches in vestry and on public occasions, my skin has been so hardened by long-continued abuse, that people might just as well attempt to hurt a rhinoceros by pelting him with

paper pellets. I am sorry to disappoint my assailants in the *Labourers' Union Chronicle* as I used to do those at Halberton, who were wont to say that if they could only make me cry or put me in a passion, there would be some hope of me. But I cannot help it. My skin is thick, and there is an end of it. Unfortunately, however, a large number of people have very thin skins, and in consequence of the abuse indiscriminately heaped upon them have been led to distrust, and withdraw sympathy and support from the Union, whose true policy is to make as many friends and as few foes as possible. That this has been one effect of the language above described I know from the many letters which I am constantly receiving on the subject, invoking assistance which I am of course powerless to give. A more convincing proof of the truth of my assertion, and one to which any one may appeal, is contained in the report of the Church Congress at Bath in the autumn of last year. The first question appointed to be discussed by the entire meeting in the large room, before the assembly was split up into various sections, and thus made a prominent question, was "the Church's duty in regard to strikes and labour." The discussion was opened by the Bishop of Oxford. In his paper, which was deliberately written and read, there was abundant proof—much, I confess, to the surprise and amusement of a thick-skinned animal like myself—of the depth to which the bishop had been stung, and the extent to which his opinion of Unionism has been modified by the violent and abusive language to which he referred; and there are undoubtedly large numbers whose sympathy has been alienated in the same way. Indeed, the very title lately assumed by the paper in question — "*The Labourers' Union Chronicle*, an independent Advocate of the British Toilers' Rights to Free Land, freedom from Priestcraft, and from the Tyranny of Capital," — is of itself almost enough to frighten out of the

field many who are the real friends and well-wishers of the agricultural labourer. Nor is it the use of violent language alone which has alienated many friends, and confirmed others in their resolution of standing aloof. But the other questions—many of them of the most visionary and some of the most mischievous character—which have been mixed up with the real question at issue—namely, the improvement of the condition of the agricultural labourers, have led sober-minded people to fear that the object of the Union is not to improve the condition of the peasantry, but to do away with the peasantry altogether, to confound all ranks and orders, to have all masters and no servants, and gradually to familiarize the minds of working men with ideas of Communism, disestablishment, spoliation and pillage, and revolution, instead of reform. I have never set much value upon the so-called paternal relations between landowners or farmers and labourers. For though quite willing to concede that such relations have to a certain extent always existed, and that instances of kindness of master to servant are everywhere to be found, yet I cannot think that this relationship can have widely prevailed, or the rural population would never have been degraded as it is. Still, it is a pity to diminish the amount and weaken the bond of this relationship, however slight. The clergy, landowners, and farmers might have been reminded of their duties without the use of abusive language, in which case many a friend would have been retained, and many an opponent reconciled to the Union. While, if the originally avowed intention of the Union—the improvement of the labourer as a labourer—had been strictly adhered to, public opinion would have been so strongly in its favour that the farmers would have had no chance of a successful resistance. Owing to such mismanagement the Union has been deprived of much of its power for good, and has not by any means done as much good as it otherwise would have done. The

good done, moreover, has been mixed with unnecessary evil—such as establishing unpleasant relations between masters and servants, causing distrust in the minds of many warm supporters of the principle of union, and leading the poor uninstructed labourers away from the only really valuable object, their own improvement, in the pursuit of a political and social revolution, never, it is to be hoped, destined to be realized, or if realized, little likely to add to their happiness.

The next question is, who is to blame for all this? I reply, without hesitation, chiefly the clergy and gentry, though to some extent also the farmers. In his paper already referred to, the Bishop of Oxford spent a long time in arguing “that it is not the duty of the Church or of the clergy to fix the rate of wages.” In thus doing, he undoubtedly—as I believe I stated at the time—took the trouble of setting up a man of straw in order to have the credit of knocking him down again. For whoever supposed that it was the duty of the clergy to regulate wages? I never heard any one except the Bishop of Oxford even hint at such a thing. But though to regulate the rate of wages is not the duty of the clergy, they are not thereby absolved from their responsibility for the improvement of the peasantry. It is their duty to make themselves acquainted with all social questions, and to use authority and influence—which no one else in the parish possesses to an equal amount—in reminding equally and alike all classes of their parishioners of their social relations. It is their duty in the pulpit to point out equally and alike the responsibilities and shortcomings of gentry, farmers, and labourers. It is their duty, with equal fearlessness, but at the same time humbly and kindly, to do the same at the dinner-table of the squire, in the chimney-corner of the farm house, and in the labourer's cottage. That this is often done may be thankfully acknowledged. That it is often neglected cannot be denied. For if not, is it

possible that even now so large a number of the rural population should still be housed in hovels not fit for human habitation? that migration and emigration should have been so little adopted as a means of carrying the surplus labourer to a better market, and so raising wages? that there should be so many inducements to drunkenness, so little encouragement for habits of economy, so pauperizing an administration of the Poor Law? I will go a step further, and say that, though it may or may not have been wise to oppose the introduction of the principle of union into agriculture, yet, when it became evident that opposition was unavailing, and that agricultural union was *un fait accompli*, it was the duty of the clergy at least not to denounce as wicked and mischievous a principle upon which they themselves act, and which is strictly legal. Better still it would have been if they had put themselves—as in the beginning they might easily have done—at the head of the movement, and so given it a tone and a direction very different from those which, under other management, it has as a matter of course assumed. One great benefit almost universally, at great personal and pecuniary sacrifice, and at a time when scarcely any one came forward to share the cost and labour, the clergy most certainly have conferred upon the agricultural labourer—namely, the best religious and secular education for his children which at the time it was possible to procure. Nor do I believe that any Union delegates or Union papers will ever efface the remembrance of this from the minds of the peasantry, or lead them to undervalue the many other acts of kindness rendered by the clergyman,—his loving ministrations in the sick-room; his cheering presence in time of sorrow; his advice when difficulties arose; the dinner day after day carried by his wife or daughter from their own often not too well-furnished table to the father on his sick-bed, the mother in her confinement, or the weakly child. Would that, in addition to all

these acts, the clergy had more generally studied social questions, exerted their influence in correcting social abuses, and by their leading secured the present movement as one for such real and temperate reform as all sober-minded Christian men would be glad to support! Had the clergy thus acted, and the laity—specially the landowners—seconded the efforts of their pastors by recognising the grave responsibilities entailed by landed property upon all who hold it; and had the farmers likewise, instead of setting their faces like a flint to stamp out amongst their servants the very principle of union, which they have found indispensable for their own success, taken kindly counsel with their labourers, and endeavoured to agree upon such rules as would secure a real improvement in their condition without damaging the interests of the farmer—the interests of the two being, in truth, identical—the Agricultural Labourers' Union would have been much more powerful for good than it has been, and much ill-will and privation would have been avoided. As for the labourers themselves, no blame lies at their door in this matter. Generally speaking, they have not been instructed in social matters by those who ought to have instructed them. When they followed the example of almost every other class, and adopted the principle of union, they found themselves deserted and denounced by those to whom they were accustomed to look for guidance, and who, having for the most part adopted the principle of union amongst themselves, ought not to have denounced it, but rather controlled and guided it, in the case of the weakest sheep in the flock. What wonder that poor, hard-worked, illiterate men should under such circumstances fall into the hands of leaders unable or unwilling to guide them rightly!

It is not, however, at all too late. The Union cannot be stamped out, even if it were desirable. But it is capable of being moulded into a much more powerful instrumentality for good than

it has so far been or now is. Only, the real improvement of the condition of the labourer as a labourer must be kept steadily in view. I do not mean that there should be no prospect open to him of rising in the social scale, of becoming a farmer or a landowner. This would be to deny to the agricultural labourer alone that great privilege of a free country which is best described in the common phrase—that in England there is nothing to prevent any man becoming Archbishop of Canterbury or Lord Chancellor. Neither do I mean that while he remains a labourer he should neither be an owner nor an occupier of land. An allotment of sufficient size to occupy his spare time would certainly be the best possible reward for habits of industry, honesty, and thrift; and if made in all cases on condition of forfeiture for misbehaviour, might be the means of encouraging the formation of such habits. Neither do I mean that a labourer who has saved enough money to purchase land should be debarred from such purchase. He is not so debarred at the present time, nor is likely to be. He is free to go into the land market like other men, and often does so; and though in some parts of this country land is accumulated in so few hands as to make it very difficult for any one to purchase, yet the labourer has as good a chance as any one else, and in many parts of the country there is little, if any, difficulty. All this, however, is very different from that which is implied in the words "British toilers' right to free land:" very different from the prospect of universal spoliation so often held out; very different from the vision, now so often painted in the brightest colours, of every man becoming a proprietor and a master, and of service being wholly abolished—a state of things sanctioned by no law, Divine or human, and with respect to which the slightest acquaintance with the history of the past, or the fundamental principles of political economy, would teach that even if established, it could not be long maintained.

Let the object of the Union be to improve the condition of the agricultural labourer as a labourer, leaving it open to him to rise, as many of his class have in all periods of English history constantly done, to a much higher step on the social ladder.

How, then, shall this improvement be effected? Notwithstanding the assertion of the Marquis of Bath to the contrary at the last Church Congress, the Reports of H.M. Commissioners on the Employment of Women and Children in Agriculture, the Report of Convocation on Drunkenness, the records of his own personal experience in "The English Peasantry," lately published by Mr. Heath, and the testimony of one's own eyes, are an accumulation of proof which cannot be gainsaid, of the fact that "our rural parishes are defaced by the hovels of the labourers, in which none of us would deign to stable our horses." This state of things is the root and foundation of the degradation of the labourer, and till it is altered there can be no real improvement in his condition. Single-handed, labourers can have no hope of inducing the owners of cottages to make the necessary improvements one moment before they choose to do so. But a powerful Union could do, without any difficulty, that which is impossible to isolated effort. Much would be done without compulsion, if it were seen that the Union were in earnest. In cases where the cottages are the landowner's property, if, after every other effort had been tried, it was found necessary to strike for better accommodation, public opinion would be wholly on the side of the Union in a strike for such an object. And in the case of cottages belonging to small proprietors, some of them not much better off than their tenants, the voice of a powerful Union heard in the House of Commons from the lips of a working man's member—such, for instance, as Mr. Macdonald—would have no small influence in obtaining legislation against the continued occupation of the hovels which are now often the homes of those who cultivate the soil.

It is in vain to plead the inability of landowners, or the poverty of small cottage proprietors. The physical and moral improvement of the peasantry must not be sacrificed to such considerations. Here, then, is abundance of work for the Union—work which lies at the very foundation of all improvement, but the completion of which will be indefinitely delayed unless the Union pushes it on.

Further, for the improvement of the labourer's condition, it is requisite that his wages should be paid exclusively in coin, and not in kind, specially not in drink: that he should be paid weekly, and on Friday if possible: that the system of piecework should be as far as practicable adopted: that, a certain number of hours having been agreed upon as a day's work, all overtime should be proportionately paid for, and always in coin: that in addition to a garden, each labourer should have an allotment of potato ground, not, as is too often the case, at a rent many times as large as that paid by the farmer, but at the same: that no so-called privileges should be reckoned as wages, but rather considered as acts of kindness, such as a good master will always be ready to do, specially to an industrious and faithful servant: that the custom of giving large quantities of liquor at harvest should be abolished. In obtaining all such reforms as these the power and resources of the Union might be most usefully employed, and public opinion would heartily endorse the effort.

The same may be said with regard to legislation. It is important, for instance, that there should be placed in the way of the labourer fewer temptations and facilities for drunkenness: that the number of public-houses and their hours should be regulated rather with a view to the sobriety of the working classes than to the interests of brewers and publicans: that greater facilities for locomotion should be extended to him: that the Poor Laws should be amended, or administered in a way less likely to pauperize: that the laws as between

master and servant should be made less one-sided than at present: that offences charged against the labourer should be tried by a jury, or a paid professional, instead of an unpaid magistrate: that the Post-Office Savings-Bank should be made more accessible: and lastly, that the franchise should be extended to him, as a measure of policy as well as of justice, as a means of making more of a man of him, of educating him, of redeeming him from the position of being considered by candidates as not worth caring for; of forcing the attention of the Legislature to his wants and grievances. What abundance of useful work is there here for the Union! Migration and emigration likewise, the most simple and ready means of raising wages, would furnish abundance of employment for the committee at Leamington.

There is one other means of improvement to which I must not forget to direct attention. This is the organization of some plan for the technical education of the labourer, and for his instruction in what may be called common things. The one would improve the quality of his work, and make him worth higher wages; the other would put him in possession of the first principles of health and economy, and make him more apt to profit by facilities of improvement offered to him: it being, for instance, often quite as difficult to persuade the labourer not to overcrowd with lodgers a cottage barely sufficient for his own family, or to set proper value upon good ventilation and drainage, as it is to provide for him those necessary requirements for health and comfort. Such instruction might be given to children in rural schools by means of a series of lesson-books, written by competent persons: to adults by evening lectures and articles specially composed for weekly serials already circulated amongst the peasantry, or in a periodical to be established for the purpose. What a blessing it would be if such articles as those above suggested were substituted for many of those with

which the *Labourers' Union Chronicle* is often filled! This would be a most fitting work for the Union to undertake. But if the Union declines the work, now that there is a Society to promote almost every conceivable object, and that this improvement for the peasantry is in the very front of social questions, why should there not be a "Society for the diffusion of Technical Knowledge and the Knowledge of Common Things amongst Agricultural Labourers"? It would, I believe, obtain its fair share of support; and considering that the rural population is the very backbone of the nation, the source at once of its food supply and its defence, it would be doing a very useful work, in which I am quite ready to take my share.

The above are some of the many ways in which the *Agricultural Labourers' Union*, as it seems to me, may create a great future for itself.

The struggle, then, in the Eastern Counties and its result are not, as far as I can see, calculated to lead to despondency on the subject of *Agricultural Unions*. Rather they may be made to read an important lesson to all parties concerned, or who ought to be concerned, in such Union. The rural clergy, whose parishes may be said to be the stronghold of the Church of England, should consider whether they will not do more for the continuance of the Church of England as the Church of the people, by taking that part which I have indicated above, and by a timely attention to which much misery might be avoided and much practical good achieved, than by speaking at Church Defence meetings, or devoting their energies and time to a counter-Reformation movement, emphatically denounced by the representatives of the people assembled in Parliament, and the whole instinct of which is to paralyze mind and arrest progress. Landowners will do well to bear in mind that the time has gone by when the responsibilities attached to the ownership of land can be ignored, and that

neglect on their part may lead to more sweeping legislation on the subject of land tenure than they in their complacency are dreaming of, or even to rough treatment at the hands of the masses. Farmers should no longer conceal from themselves that, if in order to get a good day's work out of a horse it is necessary to stable and groom him well, so a badly-housed, insufficiently fed and uncared-for labourer can never be financially remunerative: that as machinery is more employed, more skill and steadiness will be required in the workman: and though it may be possible to tide over a lock-out by the employment of strange and fewer labourers and a change of crops, yet the process is not so pleasant or profitable as to make any one wish for such a state of things to become normal, and that they are not over wise in siding entirely with the landowners. The labourers themselves will no doubt, at no small cost to themselves, have learned that all that glitters is not gold—that visions bright at their first appearance are not always realized; that lock-outs and strikes are enemies rather than friends; that there are amongst both landowners and farmers not a few who are their true and generous friends; that if the clergy have in some respects neglected their duty towards them, yet in many more and more important respects they have been their most sincere and self-denying friends; and above all, that the hope of improvement of their condition rests not so much with external agency as with themselves. The public in general will not, it is hoped, be too hastily prejudiced against the principle of union as applied to agricultural labour; will be rather disposed to seek to direct and control it, than to wish it stamped out; and will bear in mind that the loss (which if war were to break out would be full of danger) of the best agricultural labourers is a national loss, and the improvement of their condition a national gain.

Lastly, the managers of the Union will do well to look carefully back on the

incidents of the past struggle ; to digest well those lessons which only experience can give ; to make a note of every point in which they see they might have done better ; above all, to dissociate themselves from violence of language, personal abuse, political or theological party, and to devote time, energy, and money to one simple, single object—the improvement of the physical, moral, and social condition of the agricultural labourer. In this way the success of the labourers' combination will prove itself that "assured thing" which its best friends declare it to be.

As far as I myself am concerned, I have spoken that which I believe to be the truth. I do not lay claim to infallibility. I may be mistaken. I am sure, however, that I am sincere. I am quite aware that truth is often unpalatable. In the present instance I am prepared for an outburst of indignation from some who do not see things in the

same light as I do. It would be better if people would agree to differ pleasantly, and without hard words. Hard words, however, as I have above observed, have no effect upon me. I am as insensible to such pellets as I am independent, having nothing either to gain or lose. Agricultural labourers are canny enough to know that a man who is thus independent, who has lived all his life amongst working men, and with no gain to himself, but rather, at much cost, has provided many hundreds of their fellow-workmen with better homes and higher wages, though his advice may not always be palatable, is not likely to prove a false friend. And therefore, despite any hard words which may be cast upon me, I have no fear of meeting with less respect and affection than heretofore from working men in general, or agricultural labourers in particular.

EDWARD GIRDLESTONE.

IN BORROWDALE.

(Lines Written on a White Stone near Wordsworth's Yew-trees.)

UPTURNED stone so smooth and white,
Thou dost passing bards invite
Here to pause a while, and bring
Gifts of verse, an offering
To the Presences that brood
Over hill and vale and wood.

Nay, in this wild place, what thing
Moves the poet's tongue to sing?
Here no calm sequestered glade
Hath a Muses' arbour made;
Here no fountain far-withdrawn
Murmurs through a woodland lawn;
Nor do happy lindens move
With the sound that poets love:
But, around on every hand,
Harsh and bare the mountains stand,
Foiling mortal search and guess
In their awful pathlessness;
Knowing but the sun that warms,
And the magic moon that charms,
And the storms that round them play
At their pleasure, night or day!

See, below, from where I stand,
Visible, the bridge that spanned
That small, limpid, mountain stream.
Suddenly, with crash and gleam
Broke the tempest, fell the sky,
Fierce the torrent ran and high,
One night's space; and after, where
Lay that work of human care?
Gone! and every well-hewn stone,
The stream had claimed it for its own.

Such thy sudden strength, dark vale!
Yet a more dismaying sense
Comes to us, a fuller tale
Of thy power's permanence.

Leave we but the stream, and choose
 Rather the four mystic yews
 Standing as they stood of yore
 Famous, the "fraternal four;"
 Famous for their solemn shade,
 Famous for unthought-of age,
 Famous more for him who made
 In his strong poetic page
 Mention of their awfulness,
 Mention of their changelessness,
 Of the ghostly shapes that play
 Underneath, in full mid-day!

Such a one, fair stone, as he
 Has a message meet for thee!
 Him the valleys and the hills,
 And the swelling mountain rills,
 Him the flowers that star the dell,
 Celandine and pimpernel,
 Him the wheeling falcon knew;
 Him the serpentine yew!
 They had pierced his inmost thought,
 They within his heart had wrought
 Elemental sympathy.
 He, fair stone, might tell to thee
 What new word the hills did send
 Unto man, through him, their friend

But for others, tablet white,
 Veil thy smoothness, nor invite
 Uninspired bards to bring
 Gifts of crude imagining,
 Harshly sounding, where no tone
 Should be heard but his alone
 Whom long years of vale and hill
 Did with Nature's music fill!
 Only, without word of mine
 Let the mountain's gift divine,
 Let the spirit of the place,
 Let its utter steadfastness
 Enter into me, control
 All the motions of my soul;
 Teach me that whatever change
 Round about the summit range,
 Still to south and still to north
 Flow the appointed waters forth,
 While the ancient mountains stand
 Heedless, solitary, grand,
 Meeting e'en the storm-wind's song
 With a silence calm and strong!

T. H. WARD.

PRUSSIA AND THE VATICAN.

To the Editor of MACMILLAN'S
MAGAZINE.

November 6.

SIR,—In his letter to you of the 22nd of October, Dr. Manning endeavours to refute the charges I have brought against him of a "want of literary good faith," and of "a deviation from the definitions of the Vatican Council" by bringing the counter-charge of inaccuracy.

After a careful examination of the seven elaborate divisions of his letter, I have only been able to discover three in which the attempt is made to substantiate this charge. The remaining four merely contain counter-assertions to mine—a method of discussion both ingenious and convenient, but which will not go far in settling a controversy. Without a "tertium comparationis" we might go on for ever wrangling about the Kaiser's beard.

But before proceeding to examine these counter-assertions, I must dispose of the inaccuracies, properly so called, with which Dr. Manning charges me.

They are three in number :—

I. (sect. I) That I omitted to supply a reference to a certain Latin quotation given in my second article.

To this I answer that as I had given the reference in my former article, it was unnecessary to do so again. Considering that the passage in question is an infallible utterance of an Infallible Pope on a cardinal doctrine of the Church, it seems to me strange that Dr. Manning should have been unacquainted with it.

II. (sect. VI) That I have misrepresented his meaning as expressed in certain articles in the *Contemporary Review*, by saying that he claimed for Ultramontanism "no other rights than those asserted by the Anglican Church and English Nonconformist sects."

To this I reply :—

1st. That if this account of Dr. Manning's argument is incorrect, then the whole of that argument falls to the ground, and with it his case, as he has placed it before the British public, for Ultramontanism. That case is that *Ultramontanism and Christianity are identical*,¹ in other words, that all that can be predicated of the one can be predicated of the other, and that there is nothing contained in the one which is not contained in the other, and consequently that every community of Christians without knowing it, puts forward claims identical with Ultramontanism. Dr. Manning does not seem to see that in his endeavour to convince me of a misstatement he has, by admitting that Ultramontanism claims other things besides those which the rest of Christendom claim, made a breach in his position through which his adversaries can march in "tambour battant." These adversaries—at least, as far as I am one of them—have never denied that Ultramontanes are Christians. What we maintain is that they are Christians, and a good deal else besides.

2ndly. That my statement can be rigorously deduced from Dr. Manning's own summing up of his argument at p. 702 of the April number of the *Contemporary*

¹ "Inasmuch as Ultramontanism is cited as a nickname to kindle persecution. . . . I will draw out a proof that Ultramontanism and Catholicism are identical, as are also Catholicism and perfect Christianity." (See "Cesarism and Ultramontanism.") Dr. Manning appeals to Aldrich. I will appeal to Euclid: If $A=B$ and $B=C$ then $A=C$.

"It will not, I hope, give him (Mr. Stephen) pain if I add how much I am aware that to him Ultramontanism must be foolish if I am right in affirming *Ultramontanism to be Christianity*" (p. 685 of *Contemporary Review* for April 1874.) See also p. 702, where Dr. Manning, having stated that Ultramontanism consists in three principles, adds that these are the substance of Christianity.

Review, and therefore that it is strictly and logically accurate, and quite agreeable to Aldrich.

These are Dr. Manning's words :—

"Ultramontanism consists in :—

- "1. The separation of the two Powers.
- "2. In claiming for the Church the sole right to define doctrines, and
- "3. To fix the limits of its own jurisdiction."

He then goes on to affirm that these three principles are held by Anglicans, Presbyterians, &c., and that they are the substance of Christianity.

Now, I ask, what possible meaning can be extracted from these words other than that which I gave to them?

If, in an authentic legal record of John Smith's property, I read that his real estate consists in a semi-detached house, two cottages, and three acres of arable land, I am bound to infer that he holds no other real estate, and that the idea, for instance, that he owns the whole of the remaining land in the county is absolutely excluded.

Had Dr. Manning intended to say that Ultramontanism consisted in those three principles, and other principles besides, he was bound to insert a qualifying adverb, such as "mainly," or the like. But to do this would have been, as I have just shown, to abandon his whole position.

III. (sect. VII.) Dr. Manning's third allegation is that I have described a certain quotation as taken from the *Civiltà Cattolica* of the 18th of March, 1871, whereas there was no *Civiltà Cattolica* published on that day.

To this inaccuracy I plead guilty; by a clerical error the 18th was substituted for the 5th of March, but I cannot admit that a mistake of thirteen days in respect to a date is of sufficient importance to affect the gravity of my charges either in the one sense or the other.

I shall now proceed to examine Dr. Manning's counter-assertions; but before I do so I must premise two things :—

1st. That I disclaim all idea of a personal attack on Dr. Manning, and all intention of impugning his personal good faith. I regard him as one who holds a brief in

a case of personation the most astounding that has ever been submitted to the verdict of mankind: the claim of Ultramontanism to be identical with Christianity—of an Italian priest to be the Incarnate and Visible Word of God. Bound, in *virtute sanctæ obedientiæ*, to this monstrous claimant, counsel and attorney must do the best they can, and, if they see that a plain and unvarnished record of the circumstances would lead them in a direction exactly opposite to that in which they are instructed to go, why then they must do what counsel similarly situated usually do, have recourse to suppressions and suggestions. If the case will not suit the facts, the facts must be made to suit the case. And it would be foolish of them not to avail themselves of an inspired machinery which claims, amongst other powers, that of retrospectively manufacturing historical events.¹ All this may be compatible with forensic and ecclesiastical good faith—all I maintain is that it is incompatible with literary good faith.

2nd. I must protest against the facts of the case being tested either by *Catholic* or by *Protestant* eyes, and I must insist on undenominational eyes, undenominational grammar, and undenominational history. In his letter to you Dr. Manning summarily disposes of two quotations of mine, both of which are subversive of his definitions, by simply saying that *they have a transparent meaning to all Catholics*.

Now, in the name of that common sense to which Dr. Manning appeals in connec-

¹ "There are truths of mere human history which therefore are not revealed. . . . Yet so necessary to the order of faith that the whole world would be undermined if they were not infallibly certain. But such infallible certainty is impossible by means of human history and human evidence alone. It (i.e., infallible certainty respecting the facts of mere human history) is created by the infallible authority of the Church." (See Dr. Manning's Pastoral, "The Vatican Council and its Definitions," p. 68.) "There is an ultimate Judge (viz. the Pope) in such matters of history as affect . . . a dogma of faith." (Ibid. p. 115.) "Whenever any doctrine is contained in the divine tradition of the Church all difficulties from human history are excluded by prescription." (Ibid. p. 119.) Such is Dr. Manning's language when addressing Vatican Catholics.

tion with Ultramontanism, I have a right to demand that in a controversy carried on between a Catholic, as he would say, on the one side, and a Protestant on the other, a common language shall be used which both can understand, and that a crypto-hieratic dialect understood by only one of the parties shall be absolutely excluded.

To bring the contention between Dr. Manning and myself within manageable proportions, it is necessary that the issues between us should be quite clearly specified.

My assertion, then, was that the doctrines of the *Unam Sanctam*, appealed to by Dr. Manning as a declaratory act of Ultramontanism when addressing Roman Catholics,¹ were irreconcilable with the view of Ultramontanism placed by him before English Protestants in his articles in the *Contemporary Review*.

Dr. Manning rebuts this charge, not by bringing the Bull itself into court, but by a definition of its doctrine, which is perfectly compatible with his expurgated edition of Ultramontanism for the use of Protestants.

The task imposed upon me, therefore, is to prove that the definition thus given by Dr. Manning is an incorrect definition, and that the authorities appealed to by him are no authorities.

Fortunately the Decrees of the Vatican Council render this comparatively easy. The one good thing effected by these Decrees was to get rid once for all of Dr. Manning's authorities, the Catholic theologians. By the retrospective infallibilizing of the 256 successors of St. Peter we are dispensed from occupying ourselves with the floating and elastic opinions of these *Dii Minorum Gentium*, and have to confine ourselves to the limited, though numerous, recorded dicta of these 256 Pontiffs when speaking *ex cathedra*, and as we know exactly what determines a dictum *ex cathedra*, viz., not any external signs and wonders, which it might be diffi-

cult to establish, but simply the subject-matter of the words spoken, there need never be a difficulty in deciding whether we have to deal with fallible or infallible matter.²

Hence, all I have to do is to collate Dr. Manning's definitions with these infallible utterances, and, with the help of that invaluable umpire, COMMON SENSE, for selecting whom I cannot sufficiently thank Dr. Manning, to determine whether the two can be made to fit.

Dr. Manning affirms the doctrine of *Unam Sanctam* to be as follows:—

1. That there are in the world two powers, both ordained of God, the natural and the supernatural.

2. That of these two the supernatural is the higher.

3. That in its exercise the natural is limited and directed by the law of God (*sic*).

I affirm, on the contrary, that the Bull *Unam Sanctam*—in language carefully selected by one of the greatest jurists who ever sat on the Chair of St. Peter with the special object of avoiding all ambiguity—asserts in its crudest and most aggressive form the great mediæval Papal doctrine of the Pope's universal monarchy over mankind, and of his direct authority (*directa potestas*) over all temporal princes.

And here, whilst still on the threshold of our inquiry, I must already be allowed to appeal to the umpire and ask how—if the doctrine is of the innocuous character ascribed to it by Dr. Manning, and merely contains that which not only every Christian but most kinds of civilized pagans would subscribe to—it came to pass that

² "The Pontiff speaks *ex cathedra* when, and only when, he speaks as the Pastor and Doctor of all Christians. By this all acts of the Pontiff as a private person, or private Doctor, or as a local Bishop, or as Sovereign of a State, are excluded. In all these acts the Pontiff may be subject to error. In one only capacity he is exempt from error—when as teacher of the whole Church he teaches the whole Church in things of faith and morals." (Dr. Manning's Pastoral, "The Vatican Council and its Definitions," p. 58.) The inference from the above seems to me plain, viz., that everything the Pope says in connection with faith and morals, and which can be applied generally to the Church, is infallible.

¹ I might have said *Vatican Roman Catholics*, because I presume that only such are members of the "Academia of the Catholic religion" to whom the lecture on "Cæsarism and Ultramontanism" was addressed.

upon its being acted on by Boniface VIII. (at a time when no one in Christendom questioned the *spiritual* authority of the Pope) it led to a deadly feud between him and the King of France, in which the latter was enthusiastically supported by his people, and which ended by the imprisonment of the Pope, and his death shortly afterwards as the consequence of his imprisonment? Further, how it was that the infallible successor of the infallible enunciator of the doctrine was forced to retract the Bull as regards France? And lastly, how this cross exercise of infallibility can be made to tally with the *irreformable* character of an *ex-cathedra* utterance? ¹

I believe common sense will be inclined to say that, *prima facie* at least, the facts of the case tally rather with my theory than with Dr. Manning's. But let me now at length bring the *corpus delicti* itself into court and examine it in the presence of the jury.

The first part of the Bull is concerned with asserting the unity of the Church, which latter is, in one place, described as consisting of all baptized persons, specially including the Greeks and all those who reject the authority of Rome, and in another, more generally, as consisting of the human race in its entirety. The immense stress laid upon the unity of the Church (in proof of which quotations from

Holy Scripture are heaped up pell-mell in the most grotesque and irrelevant fashion) is clearly directed against any and every idea of a separation in the *body itself*, such, for instance, as that represented by the modern notion of Church and State as corporations distinct from each other and more or less opposed. It is of course quite possible, from an infallible and supernatural point of view, that Boniface was really thinking of the Falk laws, but viewed in a natural and historical light he was wholly engrossed with Philip the Fair's resistance to his interference in purely secular matters, and the idea of unity which then filled the fallible portion of his mind was that all Frenchmen, in every aspect of life, whether temporal or spiritual, were subject to his power. The Church, then, is the Christian commonwealth, or the human commonwealth, as the case may be, a concrete body, one and indivisible, a *civitas Dei*, in the Augustinian sense. As supreme Head and Sovereign Lord over this commonwealth God has appointed the Roman Pontiff; but though the body itself be one and indivisible it is governed by two separate Powers, the spiritual and the temporal. *Both which Powers have been committed into the hands of the Pope*—the one to be exercised by himself, the other to be by him delegated to princes and soldiers to be exercised by them under his constant supervision and immediate control.

Such is the very simple doctrine of the *Unam Sanctam*—not my version of it, or Dr. Manning's, but Pope Boniface VIII.'s version.

Let us now consult the text. I only leave out redundant passages, and somewhat abbreviate.

"There is but *one* Catholic and Apostolic Church, outside of which there is no salvation and no remission of sins. As the bridegroom saith in Solomon's Song—My dove, my undefiled, is but *one*; she is the *only one* of her mother: she is the choice *one* of her that bare her. Now this Church represents a mystical body of which the head is Christ, and of Christ God; and in it there is *one* Lord, *one* faith, *one* baptism. For at the time of the Deluge

¹ The Decree by which Clement V. rendered the Bull *Unam Sanctam* inoperative in France, when tested by Dr. Manning's definition, yields a curious result, which amounts to this: that the Holy Ghost declared that in the monarchy of Philip the Fair there were not two Powers ordained of God, one natural the other supernatural, and that within the French realm the supernatural was not higher than the natural Power, or the natural Power limited by the law of God.

Dr. Manning would probably answer that the *Extravagans Communis* in which Clement V. notified this decision, being addressed to a local Church, was not infallible. To which I would reply that its subject-matter was of such universal interest as undoubtedly to bring it within the category of things affecting the whole Church. If Joshua stopped the sun, it was for local purposes in Palestine; but the effect on the other planets of the solar system must nevertheless have been very sensible.

there was Noah's ark, which prefigured the Church, and which was built according to one measurement, with one steersman and captain, Noah. . . . Also the Psalmist says, "Deliver my soul from the sword, and my only one (*unicam meam*) from the power of the dog." (The English version has "darling," and not "unicam," and therefore does not fit in with the dogma.)

. . . "Therefore of this one and unique Church (*ecclesie unius et unice*) there is one body and one Head, not two Heads, which would be a monstrosity, and that Head is Christ, that is to say, Christ's Vicar, Peter, and the successors of Peter. For when the Lord said to Peter, 'Feed my sheep,' He spoke *generaliter* not *singulariter*, not these sheep or those sheep, but all sheep. If the Greeks, therefore, or others, say that they have not been committed to the charge of Peter and his successors, they admit that they are not of Christ's sheep, for as the Lord says in St. John's Gospel, "There is one fold and one shepherd." That in his (Peter's and his successors) "power there be two swords, namely, the Spiritual and the Temporal, we are taught by the gospels. For when the Apostles said 'here be two swords,' and it was within the Church that this transaction took place, the Lord did not answer 'this is too much,' but 'it is enough.' And truly he who denies that the temporal sword is in the keeping of Peter has badly attended to the words of our Lord. 'Put up thy sword into the scabbard,' (i.e., that the temporal sword is in the keeping of Peter is proved by his having had one by him and used it to cut off the ear of the High Priest's servant; on the other hand, that he is not to use it himself is proved by our Lord telling him to put it back into the scabbard. But our Lord did not bid him put it away. It remains, therefore, in the keeping of Peter to be used at his bidding. The reader will perceive that a very simple text can hold a good deal of condensed doctrine.) "Both swords, therefore, are in the power of the Church, the spiritual and the material. But the latter is to be wielded for the Church, the former by the Church. The spiritual by the hands of the Pontiff, the tem-

poral at the Pontiff's nod and pleasure (*ad nutum et patientiam Sacerdotis*) by the hands of princes and soldiers. For it is necessary that one sword should be subject to the other sword, and that the temporal power should be subject to the spiritual power. For the Apostle says: 'There is no power except from God;' now the powers that be ordained of God would not be ordained" (i.e., they would be in a state of disorder or anarchy—the pun on the word *ordinatus*, by which the subjection of the temporal power is established in the original, cannot be rendered in English) "unless one sword were subject to the other and, as it were, raised by it to supremacy. As the blessed Dionysius says: The Divine law is this: that the lowest things shall rise through the intermediate ones to the highest. For it is not according to the order of the universe that all things should be equally and immediately reduced to order, but the lowest through the intermediate ones, and the lower through the higher; and it is therefore necessary that we should clearly declare that the spiritual power excels the temporal in dignity and nobility in the same proportion that spiritual things excel temporal. . . . For in very truth it is the function of the spiritual power to direct" (*instruere*, i.e., literally to give instructions to) "the temporal, and to judge it, if it be not good. Thus for the Church and for the power of the Church shall be verified the prophecy of Jeremiah, 'I have this day set thee over the nations and over the kingdoms.' Therefore if the temporal power err it shall be judged by the spiritual power, and if the lesser spiritual power err it shall be judged of the higher, but if the supreme spiritual power (i.e., the Pope) err, it shall be judged of God alone,¹ even as the Apostle

¹ A simple-minded Protestant may be inclined to ask how it happens that in the Declaratory Act of the Vatican faith the infallible Pope apparently claims for himself the right to err, and only disclaims the right of other people to judge him for his errors. A simple-minded Vaticanist will probably answer that Boniface VIII., by using the general term *deviare*, and not the technical term *errare*, took good care not to impugn his infallibility in matters of faith and morals. All he meant to do—such

testifies : ' The spiritual man shall judge all things, but shall himself be judged of none.' And this authority, although it be given to a man and be exercised by a man, is not a human but rather a divine authority given by the divine words to Peter for him and his successors after him. . . . When the Lord said unto Peter, Whatever thou shalt bind on earth, &c. Whosoever, therefore, resists this authority, thus ordained of God, resists a Divine ordinance ; unless he maintain,

would be the Vatican argument—was to claim immunity for "deviations" in the fallible part of his nature, i.e., to quote the drastic language of one of the Fathers of the Council of Constance, the right to be a "*filius perditionis, Simoniacus, avarus, mendax, exactor, fornicator, superbus, pomposus, et peior quam diabolus*" without being called to account for such peccadilloes before any earthly tribunal.

The true solution of the difficulty, however, lies neither in the Protestant inference nor in the Vatican refutation.

History—I of course mean history in its raw state, and not yet infallibilized—shows that the Vaticanist would so far be right that Boniface did in fact only claim immunity for the "deviations" of the kind above enumerated, and to which mediæval Popes were somehow unfortunately liable, and that he did not claim immunity to err in matters of faith and morals ; but the reason is not to be ascribed to confidence in his infallibility, but just the reverse ; for it is simply this—that no Pope would at the commencement of the fourteenth century have ventured to assert his immunity from being judged by a General Council in matter of heresy. Personal infallibility was, it is true, already in the air, but it had not yet been precipitated in the shape of an utterance *ex cathedra*, and it required nearly 600 years more before it could assume the shape of an Ecumenical Decree.

At the time of the *Unam Sanctam* the universal doctrine of the Church was that Popes were accountable for heresy to General Councils, i.e., that they were fallible in regard to matters of faith and morals.

This doctrine was so much a matter of course, even a century later, that John XXIII., at a critical moment of the Council of Constance, was on the point of making a clean breast of all his crimes before the Council on the plea that heresy not being amongst them, for which alone he was amenable to the Council, his other outrages lay outside the jurisdiction of the Holy Fathers—"fundans se in hoc, quod Papa propter quodcumque delictum, ut dicebat, nisi propter hæresin, deponi non posset."—Theodorici de Niem, *De Vita Joh. XXIII.*, lib. ii., cap. 3.

like the Manichæans, that there be two *principles* (*principia*), which is false and heretical, as Moses testifieth when he says : In the beginning (*in principio*) and not in the beginnings (*in principiis*) God created the heaven and the earth." (The dogma of the Pope's supremacy is here again made to turn upon a *jeu de mots* on the word *principium*, which cannot be rendered in English. These inspired puns must be a sad hindrance in the way of the faithful who do not understand Latin !) "Therefore we declare, say, define, and pronounce that every human creature is subject to the Roman Pontiff as a necessary condition of salvation.

"Given at the Lateran in the VIIIth year of our Pontificate."

And now, with the text of the Bull before your readers, I will ask them how Dr. Manning can escape out of the horns of the following dilemma—viz., that in his definition of the *Unam Sanctam* he has, either applied to the Declaratory Act of his Vatican faith the old, long-since-exploded German system of rationalistic exegesis, by which—when employed on inspired writings—everything supernatural or dogmatic is whittled away, and nothing is left but platitudes and truisms which any one may subscribe, or used words which to Protestant ears could have none but an innocent meaning, whilst they were all the while charged with a crypto-hieratic signification "transparent to all Catholics" (i.e., to a select body of Vaticanists, for how many Roman Catholics have read the *Unam Sanctam* ?), which if only guessed at by Protestants would have filled them with horror and dismay ?

The first alternative is impossible ; for the mere thought of employing such a method would in a Roman Catholic be mortal sin. We are therefore of necessity bound to assume the latter, and it is on this assumption that I base my charge of a want of literary good faith. For Dr. Manning's avowed object was to induce Protestants to believe that, without knowing it, they were all Ultramontanians (Erasians excepted, who, Dr. Manning says, are not Protestants (*sic*)—that there were no vital points of difference between Anglicans, Presbyterians, Nonconformists, &c.,

and Vaticanists, that they were all Christians in the same sense, starting from the same premises, and, with the help of Aldrich, certain to land in the same conclusions.

His object from his point of view was a laudable one no doubt—viz., to get as large a crew as possible into his Ultramontane galley, and to set out on a joint cruise against what he is pleased to consider infidels and sceptics. And all this, I have no doubt, from a professional, ecclesiastical, and infidel-hunting point of view is fair enough, but not, I maintain, from a literary point of view.

Literature requires that language shall be used in its natural sense, and that where *verba technica* are employed a glossary shall be furnished, giving their true meaning. But if Dr. Manning had appended such a glossary to his articles would he have gained his point? I leave your readers to answer the question after they have deciphered Dr. Manning's definition of Ultramontane doctrine with the key with which I have furnished them in the text of *Unam Sanctam*.

That definition will then run thus:—

"The doctrine of the *Unam Sanctam*, i.e. of Ultramontanism, i.e. of Catholicism, i.e. of perfect Christianity, is as follows:—

"1. That God hath ordained in this world two powers, the temporal prince and the Pope.

"2. That of these two the Pope is the higher.

"3. That in exercising his temporal power, the temporal prince is limited and directed by the Pope."

The cabalistic formula, therefore, by which Dr. Manning has been enabled to effect all his marvellous transformation scenes turns out to be the very simple one of using the words God and Pope as convertible terms, and employing the one or the other, as occasion required—the word Pope when addressing Catholics, the word God when addressing Protestants! But to start from this assumption in arguing with Protestants is, to say the least of it, a somewhat bold *petitio principii*.

I must now proceed to establish my second charge, that of "deviation by Dr.

Manning from the definitions of the Vatican Council," and, as in his letter of the 22nd October, he appears to me to deviate from the teaching of Vaticanism in a more glaring manner than he has ever done yet, I will for convenience' sake confine myself to the assertions there made.

Dr. Manning says (sect. I.), that *Catholic theologians* hold three principles:—

1. That the Pope is not Lord of the whole world.

2. That the Pope is not the Lord even of the whole Christian world.

3. That the Pope has not any purely temporal jurisdiction over temporal princes by Divine right.

I need hardly observe that if I were to appeal to Catholic theologians for rebutting evidence, I could find for one who maintains these theses a hundred who maintain the contrary ones. But, as I have before said, an appeal from the *ipsisima verba* of the Infallible Chair to the interpretation of theologians is absolutely excluded by the Decrees of the Vatican Council. For the "*tot theologi tot sententiæ*" has been substituted the authoritative dicta of one universal doctor and teacher, who is always there to be consulted; and therefore this appeal of Dr. Manning is itself a clear deviation from the Decrees.

Were space available, I could refute the three propositions by an almost endless number of quotations from *ex cathedra* utterances, but for the sake of conciseness, and as the text of the *Unam Sanctam* is before your readers, I shall mainly adhere to that. I am the more justified in doing so that Dr. Manning has selected that Bull as the Declaratory Act of Ultramontanism, i.e., of perfect Christianity, and has, with the boldness of an *enfant terrible*, thrust prominently forward a document which even the keenest of Papal doctors had hitherto carefully kept in the background, and treated as a *noli me tangere*.¹

I. Firstly, then, as to the proposition "that the Pope is not Lord of the whole world." Here are the words of the *Unam Sanctam*: "We declare, say, define and pronounce that every human

¹ See on this subject a remarkable article in the *Guardian* of the 4th March, 1874.

creature is as a necessity of salvation subject to the Roman Pontiff." "*Subesse Romano Pontifici*," I need not observe that the correlative of *subject* is *sovereign*, a much stronger term than "Lord," which need not necessarily mean more than the relation of a suzerain to a semi-independent vassal.

II. In regard to the second proposition, that the Pope is not the lord even of the whole of the Christian world, I must confess my utter inability to comprehend how such a sentence can have escaped from the pen of a Vatican prelate.

If there is one Papal doctrine more distinctly Papal than another, it is the claim of the Popes to be supreme lords over the whole of Christendom, *i.e.*, over the entire community of baptized persons throughout the world. It is quite true that *Catholic theologians* have maintained the contrary. But who are the Catholic theologians who have done so? Why, those against whom the most fearful anathemas of the Vatican Church have been launched, and whom the actual Pontiff has singly and corporately excommunicated. They are the prophets whom the Vatican has stoned, and whom no one has denounced more fiercely, and, I regret to add, with more gall and bitterness, than Dr. Manning himself; and it is to the testimony of these witnesses, with whom to associate is in itself a sin, that Dr. Manning appeals to refute the correctness of my assertions. Is this not as much as to say that any argument is good enough to throw at Protestant objectors?

And now for the refutation. As the whole includes the part, it is clear that if the Pope in the *Unam Sanctam* claims the supremacy over the *whole* world, he does so also over the whole of the Christian world, which is only a part of the other.

But independently of this, as your readers will at once remember, the Bull defines in the clearest possible manner what the *ecclesia*, properly so called, over which the Pope rules supreme, consists in. It is *one* body with *one* lord, *one* faith and *one* baptism; and as if to leave no possible loophole of doubt, St. Peter's successor condescends to argue the matter in his infallible way, and to prove from

Scripture that Greeks and all other baptized persons are, whether they like it or not, part of the flock committed to the charge of the Roman Pontiff.

But if the authority of the *Unam Sanctam* is not sufficient for Dr. Manning, may I ask how he interprets the Bull *De Matrimonii Validitate*, in which, in the clearest terms of which Vatican speech is capable, the doctrine is laid down that emancipation from Papal jurisdiction cannot be obtained by prescription, however extended; and that the children of heretics, and their children's children *ad infinitum*, though expelled from the unity of the Church and deprived of all the advantages conferred by the Church, remain bound by the laws and authority of the Supreme Pontiff. Deprived of the hope of salvation in the next world, they must yet, as long as they remain in this, continue, like all other Christians, within the jurisdiction of Rome *exploratum habemus ab hæreticis baptizatos si erroribus baptizantis adhererant . . . ab ecclesia unitate repelli, iisque bonis orbari omnibus quibus fruuntur in ecclesia versantes, non tamen ab ejus auctoritate et legibus liberari.*¹

Need I, in addition to this, refer to the fact that the whole constitution of the Roman Church in countries with mixed populations, is based on the assumption that non-Catholics are as much part of the Roman flock as Catholics; or to the Pope's recent letter to the German Emperor, which involves the same principle?

I have cited my authorities, and I now challenge Dr. Manning to produce any bull, breve, encyclical, common extravagance, or other infallible document, in which the Pope has renounced his claim to exercise jurisdiction over the totality of baptized persons throughout the world.

III. I have, lastly, to deal with Dr. Manning's third proposition, that the Pope has not any purely temporal jurisdiction over temporal princes.

It is something gained that he at least admits that *the Pope has a temporal juris-*

¹ Bulla, De matrimonii validitate inter virum Judeum et mulierem hæreticam. Bullarium Benedicti XIV. Tom. iii. Rome. 1873.

diction over princes, though not a pure one.

Nevertheless the proposition as it stands is, I maintain, opposed to the necessary conclusions which flow from the definitions of the Vatican Council. To explain this fully would require more space than I can ask for on the present occasion. I can only indicate, in the briefest outline, what the points at issue are.

What Dr. Manning means is, that the jurisdiction of the Pope over temporal matters is not a *directa* but an *indirecta potestas*. The difference is more important in theory than in practice, but as an illustration of Vaticanism the question is of considerable interest.

The *direct* jurisdiction of the Pope over the temporal prince is the cardinal doctrine of the mediæval Papacy. It breathes out of every sentence of the *Unam Sanctam*, and its full meaning is made clear by the history of the events to which the *Unam Sanctam* owes its origin. In a purely secular quarrel between Philip the Fair and Edward I. of England, Boniface VIII. claimed the right of direct interference, and of deciding of his own supreme authority on the merits of the case. When Philip the Fair refused, and the quarrel waxed hotter, Boniface summoned the French bishops to Rome to sit in judgment with him upon their king.

Read thus by the light of history, the Bull is seen to be the mere official echo of an outburst of human passion recorded in the memorable words—"My predecessors have deposed three kings of France. I should be unworthy to tread in their footsteps if I did not depose this one like an ill-conditioned boy, *ita sicut unum garcionem*."

The one object of the Bull, then, was to enunciate this principle of the *directa potestas* in the most unmistakable terms. Both swords have been given to Peter, not one to Peter, the other to the temporal prince (I must apologise to Dr. Manning for the use of the imagery he so much dislikes, but it is the infallible doctor's imagery, not mine), the latter has only the loan of a sword to be used at the bidding of the Pope. Shall the Pope not

be judge as to whether he uses it rightly or not? It is the business of the spiritual power to direct the temporal power, and to judge whether it be good or bad. If the temporal power err it shall be judged by the spiritual power. Words could not express more plainly the direct and immediate jurisdiction claimed by the Supreme Pontiff over purely temporal matters.

In the sixteenth century, however, the Jesuits, who were wise in their generation, and saw that such a claim must necessarily force even the most Catholic of kings into a position of hostility towards the Papal Chair, invented the theory of the *indirecta potestas*, according to which the Pope is supposed to be precluded from interfering directly in temporal affairs, *quod they are temporal affairs*, and can only exercise his jurisdiction over the acts of the temporal Sovereign when his infallible instinct tells him that these temporal acts have a bearing, mediate or immediate, direct or indirect, on the interests of the Church or of religion. Over the acts thus ruled by the Pope to fall within his jurisdiction, *his power remains as direct and supreme as ever*. The change effected was to substitute for the test of the *ratione peccati* (thus tacitly abandoned) according to which the Pope might call the Temporal Prince directly to account for any of his temporal acts in which he detected a sinful tendency, the test supplied by the subjective opinion of the Pope as to whether such and such an act was likely to affect, in however remote a way, the interests of the Church or of religion.

To show the difference between the two doctrines, I will take an imaginary case, but one which I am convinced no honest Catholic who has mastered this intricate subject will consider other than a fair one.

Supposing the real power of Pius IX. had been commensurate with his pretensions, and that he had wished to mix himself up in the late war, he might, according to the theory of the *directa potestas*, and on the principle of the *ratione peccati* have said: the efficient cause of the war is the anger of

the King of Prussia at M. Benedetti's conduct at Ems : anger is a sin : *ergo*, I shall call upon the King of Prussia to demobilize his army.

The Jesuits, on the other hand, would have said, No : this use of the *directa potestas* will frighten all good orthodox kings, and therefore Your Holiness can only exercise your jurisdiction over the King of Prussia by means of the *indirecta potestas*.

A war between Germany and France may cause the French to withdraw their troops from Rome. This withdrawal will clearly be injurious to the interests of the Church : *ergo*, such a war may be injurious to those interests : *ergo*, Your Holiness has a right to call on the King of Prussia to demobilize his army.

Or, and this would have been the more likely argument, the success in a great European war of a heretical Power would be fatal to the interest of the Church, and therefore Your Holiness must command Austria, Spain, and all other Catholic States to join France against Germany.

The practical result, it will be seen, is the same in one case as it is in the other ; and, when I add that the deposing power, with all its consequences, and the untold cruelties which the assertion of the principle inflicted on our Roman Catholic fellow-subjects for three centuries, flows from the *indirecta potestas*, I have said enough to show that the change is only one of name.

And yet the point at issue is not without importance as connected with the Vatican Decrees, because, if those Decrees have any meaning at all, and are not a mere "tale full of sound and fury signifying nothing," they have most certainly destroyed the whole theory of the *indirecta potestas*, a mere theological opinion, which has never been pronounced *ex cathedra*,¹ and they have reinstated in all its former splendour the grand mediæval doctrine of the *directa potestas*, infallibly and irreformably proclaimed from

¹ When the doctrine was first broached in Bellarmine's "De Romano Pontifico" this learned work was put on the Index by Sixtus V.

the Papal Chair by no less than three Supreme Pontiffs.

For my own part I confess that I greatly prefer the doctrine of the *directa* to that of the *indirecta potestas*. It is, in theory at least, based on a moral foundation of impressive ideality : the right of Christ's Vicar to call emperors and kings to account for the sins they may commit in administering the affairs of this world. The *indirecta potestas*, on the other hand, is the basest and most ignoble product that ever emanated from a body pretending to be religious ; for under the pretence of doing all things *ad maiorem Dei gloriam*, it cynically separates the notion of moral obligation from the imperative duty of furthering, by any means which will compass the end, the political interests of the most ambitious hierarchy that ever threw its shadow between God and man. It came into the world with its blood tainted with the doctrines which have given to Jesuitism its unenviable reputation, and it has scarcely grown healthier with its maturer years.

But this is not the point to be considered. That point is whether the doctrine of the *indirecta potestas* is or is not compatible with the definitions of the Vatican decrees, and whether Dr. Manning, in selecting the *Unam Sanctam* (whose *raison d'être* is the enunciation of the doctrine of the *directa potestas*) as the declaratory act of Ultramontanism, has or has not placed himself in opposition to his own thesis : that the Pope has no purely temporal jurisdiction over temporal princes.

I leave the answer in the hands of common sense.

To examine the remaining counter-assertions contained in Dr. Manning's letter would require an amount of space which I cannot claim at your hands ; but the statement, sub. IV., is so astounding that I must be allowed to glance at it.

Dr. Manning says : "The Pope did not begin to be infallible in 1870, nor were Catholics free to deny his infallibility before that date. The denial of his infallibility had indeed never been condemned by a definition, because since the rise of Gallicanism in 1682 no Œcumenical Council had ever been convoked."

Now of course there may be a secret meaning in the expression "free to deny" to the effect that the Churches, the Œcumenical Councils and the Popes who denied the doctrine of infallibility have *retrospectively* been deprived of their freedom to do so. But as I cannot admit the use of crypto-hieratic language, I must assert my inability to discover in these words, taken in their natural and literary sense, any meaning but the following:—

1. That Gallicanism took its rise in 1682.

2. That the denial of the Pope's infallibility was in some way inseparably identified with Gallicanism.

3. That the reason why the denial of infallibility could not before 1870 be condemned by a definition, was that no Œcumenical Council was convoked between 1682 and 1870, which clearly implies the proposition that the only period of Church history during which Papal infallibility was denied was during the last two centuries, *i.e.*, since the supposed rise of Gallicanism in 1682, during which it is an undoubted fact, both of Vatican and profane history, that no General Council met.

Now these statements are clearly incompatible with the following, *viz.* :—

1. That Gallicanism took its rise 300 years before 1682.¹

2. That the Pope's infallibility, though denied with exceptional emphasis by the Gallican Church in its national and corporate capacity, was not less emphatically denied by other ecclesiastical bodies, by prelates of the highest standing, and theologians of the greatest reputation throughout the world, as, *e.g.*, by the Irish Church in its corporate capacity, and by the vicars apostolic of England.

3. That the doctrine of infallibility, far from never having had the chance of being defined by a general council, was brought before the forum of two Œcumenical Councils, that of Constance and that of Basle, where the doctrine was condemned and this condemnation ratified

by three Popes, Martin V., Eugene IV., and Pius II.²

² The decrees of the Council of Constance afford a crucial test by which to ascertain whether those of the Vatican are binding on Roman Catholic consciences. For the one contradict the other, and the latter do so consciously and *ex preposito*. The Infallibility of the Vatican gives the lie direct and *sans phrase* to the Infallibility of Constance.

Here are the words of the Decree of the Council of Constance in its Fifth Session:—

"In the name of the Holy Trinity, &c., this Synod of Constance being a General Council, and assembled for the extirpation of the present Schism, and the Reformation of the Church of God in its Head (*i.e.* the Papal chair) and members . . . : ordains, defines, decrees, and declares as follows:—First, that being assembled in the Holy Ghost, and thereby constituting a General Council and representing the Catholic Church, every man of whatsoever state and dignity, *even the Papal (etiamsi papalis)*, is bound to obey it in matters appertaining unto faith, and to the extirpation of the aforesaid schism, and to the general Reformation of the Church in its Head and members." It then further declares that every man, even the Pope, who shall disobey its commands shall be submitted to condign punishment.

No words, Vatican or profane, can express more clearly the dogma (for everything emanating from a General Council when acting as the *ecclesia docens* is a dogma, and as such *irreformable*, *i.e.* infallible, irrevocable, and unchangeable) that the Pope is amenable to a General Council in matters of faith, and that such a Council stands *above* the Pope and constitutes the tribunal by which he can be judged: *ergo*, that the Pope is fallible, and the Church, *even without the Pope*, infallible.

The Vatican Decrees, on the other hand, declare that the Pope is *puissant* with that Infallibility (*ed infallibilitate pollere*) with which Christ endowed his Church, and that his definitions are *irreformable*, *i.e.* infallible, irrevocable, and unchangeable, *of themselves (ex sese)*, and do not desire their irreformability from the consent of the Church (*ex consensu ecclesie*).

No words, Vatican or profane, can express more clearly the dogma that the Pope is *not* amenable to a General Council in matters of faith, that he stands *above* such Council, and that he is the tribunal by which the Church must be judged, and not the Church the tribunal by which he must be judged: *ergo*, that he is infallible, and the Church, *without him*, fallible.

The Constance Dogma of the Pope's Infallibility was again proclaimed *ipsissimis verbis* by the Council of Basle during its early sittings, and when its Œcumenicity was beyond the shadow of a doubt, and, as stated in the text, it was solemnly ratified *ex-cathedra* by no less

¹ The censure of Jean de Montson in 1387 by the theological faculty of Paris may be taken as the first official declaration of Gallicanism so far as the denial of the Pope's infallibility is concerned.

These latter propositions are the simple historical facts of the case, which any in-

than three Popes. Like a solid rock it has stood for nearly 500 years in the way of the proclamation of that dogmatic supremacy which the Popes sought to establish as the outcome of their executive supremacy over matters spiritual and temporal until in our day a packed jury, treading under foot all the observances which had before been ruled to be of the essence of a General Council, voted that in 1414 the Holy Ghost had been a heretic.

I need hardly advert to the subterfuges, suppositions of that which is true, suggestions of that which is false, to the frauds and forgeries, and, above all, to the untold terrorism by which the Dogma of Constance has from the day of its birth been sought to be stamped out by the Pontiffs who have successively filled St. Peter's chair, until in 1874 a Vatican Prelate, in perfect good faith, can afford simply to ignore its having ever existed, and use language which implies that the denial of the Pope's Infallibility only began in 1682. For my purpose it is sufficient to have proved that "it is untrue to say" (I borrow Dr. Manning's formula) "that Catholics were not free to deny the Pope's Infallibility before 1870." They were not only free to do so, but every Catholic who took the constitution of the Catholic, as distinct from the Papal Church, *au sérieux*, was bound to consider such a doctrine a heresy. Hence in Vaticanism "not to be free to do a thing" is equivalent not only to "being free to do it," but forced to do it.

The placing of the Decrees of Constance into correct perspective with those of the Vatican is of the utmost importance, as affording the key to the attitude of sincere unvaticanized Roman Catholics like Lord Acton, Lord Camoys, and Mr. Henry Petre—an attitude which seems so puzzling at first sight to us Protestants. These men know that there are certain physical and mathematical limits even to Infallibility, and that if *omnium consensu*, the Decrees of General Councils, ratified by Popes, are binding on the conscience, and two sets of such Decrees are contradictory, they cannot possibly act otherwise than choose which set has the best claim to inspiration. A Pope can force a Galileo to believe that the sun goes round the earth: he cannot force him to believe that at one and the same time it goes round the earth and the earth round it. An athlete with careful training can learn to ride round a circus on two horses, if they go in the same direction; but no amount of training will enable him to perform this feat if they go in contrary directions. With the Council of Constance at their backs, therefore, sincere Roman Catholics can listen with perfect equanimity to the thunders of the Vatican. The Catholic Church, as Gerson in a magnificent passage puts it, is in their eyes something very

telligent schoolboy can get up who has access to a good library.

How are we to account for a discrepancy of such altogether unmanageable proportions—a discrepancy which, reduced to English equivalents, would be like the assertion that Magna Charta took its rise in the reign of Charles the Second, and that the Reform Bill could not be passed before 1830 because for several centuries previously no Parliaments had been convoked!

I confess that I have never before stood face to face with a literary fact so absolutely incomprehensible.

That Dr. Manning should be ignorant of the history of his own Church is an untenable assumption: that he should place before the public what he does not believe to be true is an assumption even more untenable. What road leads out of this dilemma? I fear it is not far to find, only we must not look for it in the fields of literature.

Dr. Manning's history of Gallicanism, as given above, can be no other than the Vatican version of the facts connected with Gallicanism, infallibilized *ex post facto* on the principles laid down in his pastoral, and quoted in the note to p. 172. The non-existence of Gallicanism prior to 1682, and the disappearance from history of the decrees of two Œcumenical Councils denying Infallibility, ratified by three Popes, would, according to this method, clearly be "truths of mere history so necessary to the order of the (new) faith, that the whole (Vatican) world would be undermined if they were not infallibly certain." Such infallible

different from an assembly of Popes, Cardinals, and Clerics—why should they sever themselves from its communion because these men rage? it is for these men to take the offensive, not for them. They say virtually to the Curia Romana "*Messieurs de la garde, tirez les premiers*," and I can prophesy very confidently that the Roman pretorians will take uncommon good care not to fire or attempt to excommunicate English laymen for holding fast to Old Catholic doctrine. Has not Dr. Oakeley with venerable *naïveté* told us that the Roman Pontiff knows how to temper the wind of British liberty to the shorn lambs of the Vatican Church dispersed in England?

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certainly respecting them cannot, however, be created by human history, and it must therefore be created by the infallible authority of the Church. The doctrine of Infallibility "is a doctrine contained in the Divine tradition of the Church, and therefore all difficulties from human history are excluded by prescription."

Such are the facts of the case before us, and they amount to this: that a prelate of commanding position in the Vatican hierarchy, a man of unquestionable intellect, of perfect integrity, and undoubted veracity, knowing, moreover, as an Englishman born, though now dispensed from his allegiance to the British Crown, what the prejudices of his former countrymen are in regard to that which they consider to be truth and falsehood, has undertaken, apparently *de gaieté de cœur*, to stand in the market-place with a sheet of white paper in his hand and to declare *coram populo*, not only that it is black, this the ordinary duty of obedience to a superior officer might compel him to do, but that, knowing that it is white, he yet believes it to be black! Now can we for one moment doubt that we are here confronted by an actually living and breathing instance of that stupendous "holocaust" of the entire human soul, intellect included, in the burning fire of obedience, required by the rules of the Ignatian Church? Is there any solution of the difficulty conceivable except that which is contained in the words—graven with the point of Loyola's sword in the hearts of his disciples—"that true obedience implies not the *execution* merely, so that a man shall execute that which he is commanded, nor the *will* merely, so that he shall do it freely and cheerfully, but also the *judgment*, so that the inferior, in regard to that which he is instructed to do, shall *feel* in the same sense as his superior, and that that which appears true and right in the eyes of the superior shall likewise appear true and right in the eyes of the inferior, the latter by main force making his intellect to bend to his will?"

It is a strange spectacle, and yet I can well understand that the Vatican should require this sacrifice of the finest intellects at its disposal, for without it where would

it be? But what I cannot comprehend is that it should apparently insist upon this sacrifice being performed in public.

They manage these things better in Japan. When a great ecclesiastical or temporal dignitary is there called upon by the code of honour which rules the public service, to proceed to the "happy despatch" the ceremony is performed in the strictest privacy. The blinds are pulled down, a perfumed lamp is lit, incense is burnt to the Gods, and before a select circle of relatives and friends the daimio falls upon his sword. And, be it well remembered, the Japanese *point d'honneur* requires the sacrifice of the body only, not that of the soul!

But I must now conclude, and I will do so by strongly urging upon Dr. Manning to give up trying to force Vaticanism on English Protestants. He will do no good to his Church by these endeavours, and may do it an infinity of harm. Hitherto the British public has not taken the Vatican Decrees *au sérieux*, but has rather looked upon them as a kind of harmless craze. But, unless I am much mistaken, a different feeling is springing up; and if Englishmen once see that on the plea of giving to Cæsar the things that be Cæsar's, and unto God the things that be God's, the Vatican is really calling upon their Roman Catholic fellow-subjects to appropriate *both* the things that be God's and the things that be Cæsar's in order to hand them over to some one else who is neither God nor Cæsar, that feeling may become a very dangerous one. No Englishman who has preserved the coherence of his reason will entertain a doubt about the loyalty of his Roman Catholic brethren. But perfect trust in that loyalty is compatible with a very unamiable feeling towards those who may be caught in the act of trying to tamper with that loyalty.

If, however, Dr. Manning will persist in his endeavours to convince us that we are all Ultramontanians without knowing it, then, in the name of his friend and ally, common sense, let him give up the use of crypto-hieratic language, or *Vaticanese*, as we shall henceforth call it, and condescend to call a spade a spade, and a Pope a Pope.

Englishmen are much more likely to relish Vaticanism in the undiluted shape in which it can be obtained on the spot, with all the spirit and the fire left in it, and with its fine aroma of anathema untouched, than a de-alcoholized mixture, which by trying to be both Romanist and Protestant succeeds in being neither.

I remain,

Your obedient servant,

THE WRITER OF THE ARTICLES ON
"PRUSSIA AND THE VATICAN."

P.S. November 22.—Since the above was in type, Mr. Gladstone's shell has burst within the Vatican camp, and a controversy, which every one who had eyes to see might have foreseen would come, has burst over the land.

I need hardly call attention to the importance, in considering Dr. Manning's replies to Mr. Gladstone and the New York interviewer, of the decipher furnished in the foregoing letter. By the help of this key it will be at once apparent that Dr. Manning's statements, though strictly true in *Vaticanese*, are strictly the reverse in English, and it will strike most people that in writing to such a very representative English organ as the *Times*, Dr. Manning might have used the Queen's English and not the hieratic speech of the *Curia Romana*.

It is not, however, my intention at present to enter into a philological discussion with Dr. Manning, and I shall therefore confine myself to asking him five questions in connection with his assertion that the Vatican Decrees have not altered one jot of the obligation of Catholics towards the civil power.

1. Did Dr. Manning himself and the bulk of his clergy consider themselves before the Vatican Decrees as absolved from their allegiance to the British Crown, and as standing wholly and entirely within the jurisdiction of the Papal chair? and that in such wise that if the laws of the *Curia* came into collision with those of the

British Empire they were bound to obey the former at the risk of coming into collision with the latter?

2. If Dr. Manning and his clergy did not consider themselves previously to July 1870 as absolved from their allegiance to the British Crown, is it or is it not a fact that since the Vatican Decrees they are dogmatically bound, at the peril of their souls' salvation, to consider themselves as absolved from that allegiance?

3. Is it not certain that the Irish Bishops and the English Vicars-Apostolic who made the declaration quoted in my first article, did not consider themselves as absolved from their British allegiance?

4. Is there not a risk that a body of officials, not bound by the ties of allegiance to the Crown of the country in which they are actively employed, and having to obey a code of laws radically different from those of that country, may come into collision with the latter?

5. Is Dr. Manning perfectly certain that cases have not already arisen within his own jurisdiction in which clerical persons have been brought into a conflict of jurisdiction of the kind above described, and have decided (since 1870) in favour of the Curial jurisdiction with the following result, viz., that, if not themselves guilty of criminal offences, a question I will leave open, they have aided and abetted subjects of the Queen in the commission of criminal offences (*i.e.*, criminal according to British law) in contempt of Her Majesty's supremacy?

I require plain answers in plain English to these plain questions.

Hitherto we have only heard of the possibility of a *divided allegiance* on the part of Roman Catholics. The question on which I desire information is whether Vatican clerics have it still open to them to give even a fractional allegiance to the Queen, and whether they are not, at the peril of their souls' salvation, bound to give their allegiance whole and entire to our Lord the Pope?

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